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Contents

The Week 169

Editorials

The Cost of Neutrality 172
Italy and Germany in America 173
Aftermath of a Massacre 174

General Articles

Cabins in the Cotton ..... Jonathan Mitchell 175
On Hating the Japanese ..... Bruce Bliven 177
To Madrid: V ..... Malcolm Cowley 179
On the Labor Front ..... Samuel Yellen 182
Radio: The Happy Slattern ..... T. R. Carskadon 183
Three-Letter Man ..... Edward Newhouse 184
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 186
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 187
Bandits in a Landscape ..... Stark Young 188
The Bandwagon 189

Correspondence 189

Books in Review

A Banquet of Literature—With Intruders ..... Matthew Josephson 191
The Dilemma of Anarchism ..... Solomon F. Bloom 192
The Patriot ..... Michael Sayers 193
The Winning of the West ..... Nathan Goodman 194
Men at Work ..... Otis Ferguson 195
Mixed Metaphors ..... Muriel Rukeyser 195
German Agent ..... Miriam Borgenicht 196

Piracy and Hypocrisy

The Nyon Conference, to deal with "piracy" in the Mediterranean, showed each of the Great Powers in a characteristic attitude. Great Britain was chiefly concerned to prevent at all cost any further development toward open conflict. France was willing to follow the British lead. Soviet Russia consented reluctantly to a continuance of the pretense that Italy and Germany are not already at war, provided steps could be taken to safeguard her merchant vessels in the Mediterranean. Italy and Germany, by their absence, virtually confessed what everyone in the world knows to be true—that the mysterious "pirate" submarines are those of Italy, even though she may have gone through the pretense of selling them to Franco. The conference served its immediate purpose: it prevented an open rupture between Italy and the Soviet Union. The system set up for patrolling the Mediterranean, the brunt of which will be carried by the British and French navies, carries a strong hope that the Italian submarine activities will be brought to an end. If this proves true, the fact will be of great value to the cause of Loyalist Spain, which is urgently in need of imported materials, including particularly gasoline and some foodstuffs. Meanwhile, we can only rub our eyes at the spectacle of international hypocrisy on a scale such as the world has never before seen.

Retreat from Shanghai

Although their stubborn resistance against attack by invaders with superior equipment won commendation even from the Japanese, the Chinese troops fighting along the six-mile-wide Shanghai front were forced during the past week to retreat and take up a new and more orderly line in the rear. Their withdrawal, however, which came only after a week of persistent Japanese attack and heavy shelling by naval guns, still left the Chinese forces two or three miles in front of the formidable defense line they have built up in the rear. Meanwhile the cholera plague in the city of Shanghai increased sharply in its severity. In the North the Japanese reported the capture of Tatung, the second largest city in Shansi and an important railway terminal, and a severe battle proceeded south of Peiping. In an aerial bombardment on Waichow, which is about sixty miles northwest of Hong Kong, six bombs fell upon the American Seventh Day Adventist Hospital, wounding the wife of a Chinese doctor and doing much material damage. China carried the war with Japan (although she carefully avoided calling it by that name) to the League of Nations as its Assembly met at Geneva. She asked for protection under Article 10 against the "aggression," but failed to suggest any immediate procedure the League might take. Probably the most hopeful news, from the Chinese point of view, was the long expected confirmation of the news that Nanking and the Chinese Communists have come to an agreement, and that the forces of the latter will aid in fighting off the Japanese invaders.

Mr. Roosevelt v. Mr. Hull

A week ago, President Roosevelt stated that Americans remaining in China must do so at their own risk. There followed roars of rage from the American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai and other groups, who demanded protection for themselves, no matter what the cost. Thereupon, Secre-

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tary Hull issued a series of statements explaining that Americans in China will be protected, so far as this is humanly possible, although those whose presence is not essential are being encouraged to leave. American troops, he promised, will remain for the duration of the war. Here is a flat contradiction between the President and the Secretary of State, and no amount of explaining can soften its impact. In our judgment, the President is 100-percent right. No American in China has business there sufficiently urgent to justify the danger of getting this country into war. What ought to be done as quickly as possible is to remove everyone who can be persuaded to get out, to warn the rest that they are on their own responsibility, and to take every last soldier, sailor and marine from the country. While these things are not done, we are in constant danger of an incident that could very well have disastrous consequences.

Mr. Justice Black and the KKK

A political hornet's nest has been created by a series of articles published in The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and other newspapers. These articles charge, with a mass of circumstancial evidence, that the recently appointed Associate Justice Hugo Black of the United States Supreme Court was once a member of the Ku Klux Klan, that he went through a formal and meaningless resignation in order to be able to deny membership during a political campaign, that he was afterward reinstated and made a life member, and that there is no record of his resigning a second time. The question whether Mr. Justice Black was once a member of the hooded order fades into insignificance compared with the matter of his actions during the debate over his confirmation by the Senate. The charge of affiliation with the Klan had already been brought forward at that time, and assurances were repeatedly given that he was not a member. Here is a question that urgently needs to be cleared up, particularly since several Senators have now said they voted for confirmation only on the understanding that the story of Klan membership was false. Mr. Justice Black, up to the time we went to press, had refused to make any comment on the charges, seemingly on the ground that members of the Supreme Court do not engage in controversy. This matter is of sufficient importance to justify breaking that rule.

Charge and Explanation

If you were among the many who were shocked by the State Department release showing that the administrative costs of the various committees engaged in aiding the combatants in Spain were greater than the value of the relief itself, you will be relieved to hear the explanation the three major groups have offered. A joint statement issued by the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy and the Confederated Spanish Societies to Aid Spain points out that out of a total of $745,784 in cash and commodities collected before July 31, the three organizations have shipped to Spain relief commodities valued at $633,147; that total administrative and publicity expenses were $84,586 and that the remaining balance of about two percent is represented by cash on hand and deferred assets. An average administrative and publicity budget of 13 percent of receipts, the three committees maintain, is not at all excessive for relief work of this sort. The misleading release of the State Department was apparently based upon incomplete figures. But the black sheep mentioned in the damaging report still seems to be the American Committee for Spanish Relief, supporting Franco, which has received $30,753, spent $25,793 on its administration, sent nothing to Spain and offered no explanations.

Action in the Newspaper Guild

William Green's bumbling and belated attempt to form a rival newspaper union offers fit counterpoint to the overwhelming decision of the American Newspaper Guild to retain its affiliation with the CIO. A national referendum of the entire Guild membership, completed on September 10, showed votes of almost two to one in favor of upholding the St. Louis convention in withdrawing from the A.F of L. to join the CIO and opening the Guild to business-office as well as editorial workers. These were the two crucial points challenged by the group that precipitated the referendum. In addition, all the other disputed acts of the convention, including a resolution favoring the principle of independent political action, were upheld by the referendum, except the resolution condemning fascist aggression in Spain. This was defeated by a narrow margin. In the face of this evidence of a united and progressive-minded Guild, William Green now invites all dissatisfied members to withdraw from the Guild, form new units and come into the A.F. of L. An attempt to organize such a movement in Chicago a few weeks ago resulted in abject failure and it is quite probable that Green's latest plea will meet the same fate. His speeches on the subject are incredible. The wails about the threat to freedom of the press might well come from the headquarters of the Liberty League itself. Meanwhile, the decision of the Guild unit to strike against intolerable wages and working conditions at The Brooklyn Eagle brings a struggle that will be watched with interest as the first major strike involving clerical as well as editorial employees.

The Boys Are Still in Prison

Renewed effort is called for if the remaining Scottsboro boys are to obtain the freedom that for six and one-half years has been denied them. The case of Haywood Patterson, sentenced to seventy-five years, already has been taken to the United States Supreme Court and the application of a writ of certiorari now pending will presumably be acted

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upon when the Supreme Court resumes its sessions in October. The cases of Clarence Norris, sentenced to die, and Charlie Weems and Andy Wright, sentenced to ninety-nine and seventy-five years, respectively, are before the Supreme Court of Alabama and if their applications for new trials are denied—and everyone expects they will be—these, too, will be taken to the United States Supreme Court. Ozie Powell pleaded guilty to assault with a deadly weapon and his twenty-year sentence can be reduced only by the Governor of Alabama. A petition in Powell's behalf is being circulated and an effort is being made to lay before the Governor evidence that Powell was taunted and goaded by his captors until he finally turned on them. Meanwhile the assertions of Judge Callahan, who presided at the last trials, that the defense agreed to a compromise whereby four boys were to be set free in return for a promise that no further appeals would be made on behalf of the other five defendants are flatly denied both by the chief defense counsel, Samuel Leibowitz, and Morris Shapiro, secretary of the Scottsboro Defense Committee. Such a "compromise" is indeed unthinkable. If the evidence of Victoria Price and others is not to be believed in the cases of the four boys who were set free—and the prosecution admits its unreliability—how can the same evidence be used against the boys still in prison?

Life in a Company Town

Elkland, Pennsylvania, the home of the E. H. Ellison tannery company, one of the world's largest sole-leather factories, is a sickening example of the conditions in a company town. All the jobs, stores and homes in Elkland as well as the local government are either owned by or completely under the domination of the factory management. As in other company towns all over the country, its citizens live under a system of paternalism about as friendly as the relation between serf and nobleman in feudal society. The newly created Pennsylvania Bureau of Civil Rights is now at work taking testimony on the state of affairs in the town. Already it has disclosed that one man—and his case represents a common type—died after working for the Ellison company for sixteen years, and in that time he had received only two pay checks; one for a nickel, and the other for two cents. All the rest of his wages had been deducted to pay his debts at the company store. He had requested that he be allowed to pay $1.50 a week for life insurance for his wife, but the management insisted that the store bill had to come first, and so the policy was never possible. The investigation reveals that practically every worker pays a foreman for his job through bribery of some form, that intimidation and violence have been used to prevent the formation of a union and that safety devices and sanitary working conditions are lacking. The facts about Elkland are now a matter of public record and no one can fail to see that the company's despotism must be broken. The Bureau of Civil Rights has no weapon other than the power of publicity that it has already used. From here on the problem is a public responsibility.

The Government and the Sailors

Chairman Joseph Kennedy of the Maritime Commission last week put an effective end to the seamen's strike on the freighter "Algic" at Montevideo, Uruguay. He decided that since the government owns the American Republics Line, which, in turn, operates the "Algic," the seamen are government employees and must not strike. Consequently Mr. Kennedy sent a telegram to the ship's master ordering him to put the men in irons if they did not stop participating in the sympathetic strike with the Uruguayan longshoremen. But more than sympathy alone had caused the crew of the "Algic" to strike; they feared that they were in danger of physical injury if they were to go on working with strike-breakers and objected to taking the risk. More serious, however, than the strike in Montevideo or the possible injury to the "Algic's" crew is the precedent that Mr. Kennedy's decision has established. In the heavily subsidized shipping industry, the government participates in the ownership of almost every line and, therefore, according to the Maritime Commission's logic, most of the shipping workers may be denied the right to strike on the grounds that they are government employees. The decision could, without very much trouble, be adopted just as easily in other industries in which the government is now interested. One of the important principles behind the Maritime Commission was to get better conditions for seamen. In practice its policy apparently leads in the opposite direction.

Little Steel in the Spotlight

On September 8 the National Labor Relations Board began its investigation into the Bethlehem Steel strike of last June, in Johnstown, to determine the validity of the "unfair-labor-practice" charges against the company and to find out the exact strength of the CIO union in the plant. Following the procedure it has used in its previous hearings, the NLRB is first hearing the union's testimony and then the company will be given the opportunity to answer the charges brought against it. So far, the evidence brought into court has dealt with the ways in which Bethlehem Steel has managed to dominate the employee-representation plan and how it promoted sentiment among the workers against the Wagner bill when this was still under debate in the Senate and House. Before the hearings end, the NLRB will undoubtedly present a great deal more material of public concern. The activities of Mayor Daniel J. Shields (who is fighting the Board's subpoena through the courts) during the strike, the part played by the Johnstown Citizens' Committee and the "right-to-work" movement, the declaration of modified martial law in the strike area by Governor Earle and the subsequent withdrawal of the

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state police force—all these questions need scrutiny, and the recorded facts should add up into an important chapter in the labor history of the United States.

A Blow for the Athlete

Our Hero of the Week turns out to be Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson, a Scottish naturalist and author of "Animal Treasure," just published. Mr. Sanderson spends a great deal of his time on expeditions to the tropics, enduring grave hardship in the jungle. His companions on these expeditions are chosen by him with much care and above all else he avoids selecting big, sturdy athletes. Such men, he finds, have a tendency to cave in and go to pieces under the grueling strain of jungle life. Instead, his ideal candidate is a small and inoffensive-looking fellow who has spent a lot of time in night clubs and cabarets. Anyone who can endure late hours, a smoke-ridden atmosphere and the torture that passes for amusement in the hot spots, Mr. Sanderson finds, is likely to prove a man of great hardihood in the wilds. For us, the charm of this bit of news is that it constitutes a mighty blow at those big, hardy men who spend so much time keeping fit (or at least telling you about it) without ever answering the inquiry: Fit for what? If, like the majority of us, you are on the small and inoffensive side, if you have had your view cut off, your toes trampled on, your girl taken away from you or have suffered other indignities at the hands of the Overbearing Type, here is your revenge. Next time you meet one of these hardy gents, step up to him, thump him on the chest (if you can reach that high) and tell him: "Yah! Yah! You're no good in the tropics." P.S. Perhaps it would be better to give him this message on the telephone.

News Notes of a Week

The Nuremberg conference of the Nazis was the most important of those happenings during the week ending September 14 that are not discussed elsewhere in this issue. Although Hitler made the customary demand for return of the German colonies, and the conference proceeded in general along the usual lines, foreign observers felt there was somewhat less belligerence in the proceedings than usual. . . . Thomas Masaryk, first president and almost literally creator of Czechoslovakia, died on September 14 at the age of eighty-seven. . . . Liberals in the United States and elsewhere sought to prevent the mass execution of Spanish Loyalists which it was feared Franco was contemplating in Santander. . . . The British Trade Union Congress bowed to a changing world and endorsed the government's tremendously costly rearmament program. . . . In the United States, the stock market broke badly three times in less than a week, and the experts advanced various explanations, including fear of a European war, fear of inflation at home, and the government's tax program. Few persons rose to suggest, as Mr. John T. Flynn does in this issue, that perhaps prices had been higher than they ought to be. . . . Secretary Hull placed on file with the League of Nations his pious declaration of July 16 in favor of peace and prosperity, for no particular reason that anyone in Washington could bring forth. . . . Another anti-radical group, the Knights of Progress, was launched, with every seeming likelihood that it would expire as promptly as most of its dozens of predecessors have done.

The Cost of Neutrality

AS THE undeclared war in the Orient grows more serious from week to week, the debate as to the proper course for the United States to follow sharpens in intensity. No one, so far as we know, is willing to admit publicly that he believes the United States ought to participate in the conflict. Everyone assumes that we should avoid war if possible. The debate centers around the Neutrality Act. Should it be invoked? If it were, what would be the respective effects upon Japan and China? Most of those who argue publicly against putting the Act into effect do so, not on the ground that they are reluctant to hurt our large and growing trade in war materials sold to Japan and China, but because they feel it will be particularly disastrous to China, the victim of Japan's unprovoked aggression.

The New Republic, which has from the beginning advocated putting the Neutrality Act into effect, recognizes the difficulties of the situation and grants the good faith of many persons who take an opposite view. The Act is an inadequate and fumbling piece of legislation, and we are under no delusion in regard to its effectiveness. It should have been made much stronger, and enforcement should have begun automatically with the opening of hostilities, without reference to whether war is declared or not. (It is quite possible that the world will never again see a formal declaration of war.) Neither this act nor any possible substitute for it could be designed to bear with equal weight upon both belligerents, in any contest. We might add that legislation of this sort is not written for the purpose of putting an exactly equal strain upon all participants in a war; it is written in the attempt to keep the United States at peace.

In fact, however, there is good reason to believe that putting the Neutrality Act into effect would benefit China, and not the reverse. This view, expressed in our pages on several occasions, is supported by a study made for the Institute of Pacific Relations by William W. Lockwood. Writing in The Far Eastern Survey, Mr. Lockwood points out that there is no likelihood of enormous military exports to either Japan or China in any case. The reason is simple: neither of these countries can pay for such exports, and neither is a sufficiently good risk to justify sales on credit.

> There is little possibility [Mr. Lockwood writes] that either China or Japan can finance larger imports by expanding their own export trade. China's exports

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are bound to contract, and Japan's can be maintained only with the greatest difficulty in time of war. Foreign loans or long-term credits are out of the question. Mobilization of gold and silver reserves, foreign balances and holdings of foreign securities would provide considerable foreign exchange, especially for Japan, but not enough to finance a large and long maintained expansion of imports from the United States. Moreover, if hostilities continue, Japan is likely to blockade the China coast against all shipments of munitions and possibly of other goods as well.

In other words, China's trade will be cut off, whatever we do about the Neutrality Act. Japan's purchases of war supplies, however, could be greatly reduced by applying the Act.

The President and Secretary Hull, as everyone knows, are pro-Chinese. Why, then, their reluctance to put the Neutrality Act into effect? One reason, beyond a doubt, is the prosperous trade with the Orient which would be greatly reduced if the Act were enforced. We do not charge the President and the Secretary of State with anything so crude as acting in the interest of American exporters at the expense of all other considerations. We do, however, recognize that these exporters are extremely vocal in advocating policies in their own interest, that their activities constitute an important part of the present business level and that the administration is deeply concerned, for all sorts of reasons, to prevent a return of depression.

Far more important, however, in framing government policy, is in our judgment the desire of the President and the Secretary of State to play an active part in the development of affairs in the Orient. They will still cling to the belief that, without going to war, they can in some way bring pressure to bear upon Japan, through the Nine-Power Treaty or otherwise, to halt her actions in China. Enforcement of the Neutrality Act is postponed partly for the reason that if it were put into effect, Washington feels that America's possible influence on Japan would be greatly reduced. This attitude of the Roosevelt administration involves a greater danger of getting us into war than even the sale of military supplies that is now so merrily going forward.

If we were prepared to threaten Japan, and to fight, if necessary, in order to make that threat good, we might conceivably have a chance of influencing her course. Since we are not prepared to fight in support of our threat, and everyone knows it, our admonitions become negligible in effect, except for the extremely serious ill will they create. The theory that we could apply "economic sanctions" strong enough to be effective, without at once becoming engaged in war, violates both common sense and the lesson of recent history. We can best serve the cause of civilization, not by a quixotic and hopeless effort to halt Japanese aggression by moral suasion, but by taking the best measures available to keep out of the holocaust. The Neutrality Act should have been enforced weeks ago; it should be enforced now.

Italy and Germany in America

THE RESULTS of two informative studies into the extent of foreign political movements in the United States have been published during the past week. The first of these was an article in The Chicago Daily Times, based on an investigation into the activities of the two largest American Nazi organizations, the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund and the Deutscher Volksbund, conducted by three reporters who spent months winning the confidence of the leaders of the two groups and gathering the material they unwittingly divulged. The second report is contained in an article by Frank C. Hanighen, author of "Secret War" and co-author of "Merchants of Death," in the October issue of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Hanighen discusses as well the American activities of Russian Communists and Italian Fascists.

Both investigations show that the militaristic Nazi groups in the United States are growing in numbers and influence, despite the Dickstein investigation and despite the split in, and disorganization of, the first American-Nazi group, the Friends of New Germany, in 1936. The same day that the original group was disbanded by order of the Foreign Division of the German National Socialist Party, the new Amerikadeutscher Volksbund was organized to take its place. It now has more than sixty posts scattered over the country, each with a hand-picked police squad patterned after the Storm Troops, and each expressing bitter hatred of Jews and Jewish activities. The armed force is necessary, leaders of the group explain, to combat the forces of communism when the Red revolution comes. There are probably not more than 5,000 storm troopers in the United States altogether. They are divided into little squads and at worst do no more than parade, constituting a slight public nuisance.

A conservative estimate puts the total number of Bund members at about 20,000. But the American Nazi movement cannot be dismissed with a casual shrug just because it is small. It is, after all, an organization devoted to principles which are in direct opposition to those of the American government, and its biggest threat lies in what it may be able to do in the future. As Foreign Affairs points out, the Bund may exert a considerable amount of influence over public opinion through its propaganda activities, strengthening German nationalistic feeling among German-born citizens and citizens of German extraction, parading its anti-Semitism and its opposition to communism. This public opinion may become vitally important in case Germany gets involved in war, especially if Italy and Germany continue to stand together as at present, and if, as a result, German sentiment in the United States is combined with pro-Italian Fascist feeling.

The American Nazi and Fascist groups are closely bound with their governments abroad and receive much of their financial support from them. The

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Communist Party, on the contrary, while its policy agrees with Moscow's view in nearly every particular, gets its financial support in the United States from membership fees and popular subscription. It is a fair assumption that the governments of Germany and Italy, remembering how serious a problem was created by the sympathies of German-born citizens in the United States just before our entry into the World War, are doing their best to build up a similar bloc at the present. With Japan, they are the countries that most want war. It is vitally to their interest to build favorable opinion here. They have denied, of course, that they are doing any such thing, but they have indulged in so much falsification in the recent past that no one knows when they are telling the truth.

Aftermath of a Massacre

THE South Chicago Memorial Day Massacre has been made the subject of a report by a Citizens' Joint Commission signed by Professor Malcolm P. Sharp of the University of Chicago Law School, Reverend Ernest Fremont Tittle, Earl Dean Howard and Paul H. Douglas, with Alfred Kamin as secretary. The findings confirm those of the La Follette Committee of the United States Senate. In brief, it appears that the meeting of strikers on May 30, acting on assurances from Mayor Kelly that peaceful picketing was permissible, undertook to march past the works of the Republic Steel Company as a gesture to the workers within. The idea that they intended to attack the plant is utterly preposterous. After parleying with the police and receiving a few tear-gas bombs, the crowd was in retreat when the police began firing. Following this, the police advanced, beating up the fugitives with hatchet handles apparently furnished by the steel company. Ten men were killed or died later from shots in the back or side. Those unable to escape, including the wounded and dying, were thrown helter-skelter into patrol wagons and taken to the Bridewell. Sixty-seven were arrested and held unlawfully from Sunday evening until Thursday without being booked. They are now awaiting trial according to the usual procedure of State's Attorney Courtney, who seems to have a habit of covering up the misdoings of the police by prosecuting the victims.

The worst aspect of the affair is the apathy of Chicago. In spite of the evidence convicting the police of deplorable mismanagement, culminating in murder under circumstances of inconceivable brutality, Mayor Kelly, Commissioner Allman and The Chicago Tribune uphold such conduct. The falsehoods told by officers under oath pass without rebuke. Part of this apathy is doubtless due to skillful covering up by the Coroner. His hearings were held in the Criminal Court Building, and the verdict of "justifiable homicide" was played up by the press as having the validity of regular judicial proceedings. Even so, Chicago cannot avoid blame for permitting such a farce as the Coroner's office stages on demand. Nor can citizens who by virtue of their position have a certain responsibility for leading public opinion in the community so escape the shame of their city. The small committee which has struggled vainly against this apathy has sought permission to present the film taken by the Paramount Company (of which a description appeared in The New Republic for July 28) at a private view for the enlightenment of such leading citizens. Since the occurrence is officially declared to redound entirely to the heroism and magnanimity of the police, the Commissioner cannot refuse to grant this permission, but declines to put his authorization in writing, without which the Paramount Company will not release the film. The city council and leaders in the community should insist on this opportunity of informing themselves how their mercenaries behave.

This attitude suggests a contrast with the aftermath of the Ludlow massacre in Colorado, in 1913. It is true that that occurrence was immediately followed by an attempt to frame John Lawson, head of the United Mine Workers, on the charge of murder. He was defended by George P. Costigan, who thereby took his political life in his hand. His victory in the case was later recognized as a triumph for justice, and rewarded by a seat in the United States Senate. Miss Josephine Roche found support in public opinion for taking over the Rocky Mountain Coal Company, and giving an example of enlightened ownership. The Rockefeller interest in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company undertook to bring forth works meet for repentance and engaged Mr. Ivy Lee on an elaborate campaign of apologetics. No one can doubt that labor and civil liberty in Colorado have gained in the long run as the result of the terrible lesson of Ludlow. Will this be the case in Chicago? Fifty years ago the Chicago police staged a riot in Haymarket Square which resulted in the death of innocent men. Governor John P. Altgeld did what one man could to purge the city of its guilt. Will Chicago find another Altgeld?

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Cabins in the Cotton

THE Delta Coöperative Farm, as most New Republic readers know, is the joint enterprise of dispossessed white and Negro sharecroppers established a little more than a year ago near Hillhouse, Mississippi. It was created partly as a place of refuge from the terrorism that swept the nearby cotton counties of eastern Arkansas in 1934 and '35, under which no sharecropper's life was secure. It is an arm of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and has the support and counsel of Dr. Sherwood Eddy and a body of like-minded Christians.

It is a social act of strict heroism. Here are men and women—disease-ridden, illiterate, exploited—conducting one of the most daring, complex, highly civilized experiments in living that the Western Hemisphere has known. It is being conducted in the face of sneers and threats from neighboring planters and riding bosses; it is a small ship afloat on a vast, angry sea. It is a sign of the essential bravery and vitality of human beings that ought always to be remembered.

Our concern here, however, is solely with the drab business of dollars and cents. In a predatory world, what practical hope is there for a sharecroppers' coöperative movement? It should be evident by this time that the Roosevelt administration will not cure Southern tenancy—not while Southern landowners lead the Democratic Party in Congress.

Men of authority—among them the redoubtable Mr. Will Clayton, of Anderson and Clayton, whose firm moves a fifth of the world's cotton crop—in the past have argued that cotton is of its nature a slave crop, that there is just not money enough in it to support free men. On the basis of the Delta Cooperative Farm's first year, we can say tentatively that they are wrong. The sharecropper can rise again.

The balance sheet of the Delta Farm for 1936 may be briefly set forth. About 350 of its 2,133 acres were last year planted in cotton. The lint cotton and seed, together with a certain quantity of cypress lumber, brought approximately $18,000. The operating expenses—for fertilizer, seed, gasoline and such things—were approximately $8,000. Another $1,000 was paid in interest and amortization on the capital needed to buy the land. This left a net profit of about $8,900. Divided among the thirty member-families of the coöperative, it gave an average cash income per family of $327.53.

Two comments should be made. The figure of $327.53 is simply an average; several families made considerably more, and a few less. Shortly after the Farm was established, a graduated scale of hourly wage rates was voted at one of the coöperative's bi-monthly town meetings. The highest rate was given to the manager of the sawmill, next highest to the manager of the community poultry farm, third highest to the drivers of the three tractors, and so on down to the cotton choppers and pickers.

The second comment has to do with the item for interest and amortization. The Farm was bought with money advanced by Dr. Eddy, and effective control of the property rests in a board of trustees, of which Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary is chairman. As a matter of honor, the families of the coöperative have undertaken to repay the purchase price of the Farm, at 2.5 percent interest, the money being used by the trustees for further coöperative experiments.

In comparison with the wages negotiated by the CIO in the automobile industry, an annual family income of $327.53 is not much to boast of. However, it is less hopeless than it seems. To begin with, it represents an almost vertiginous rise above traditional sharecropper standards of living. The best job on sharecropper economics is that done recently by Mr. T. J. Woofter, "Landlord and Tenant on the Cotton Plantation," published by Mr. Harry Hopkins' WPA. Mr. Woofter does not give the figures for 1936, but for 1935 he fixes the average cash income of sharecroppers on 646 plantations in seven cotton states at $122, or about 32 percent of the 1936 cash income of Delta Coöperative farm families.

It must also be realized that $327.53 is cash income only, not total income. It does not include shelter, a part of the food and many other things. For all sharecroppers, Mr. Woofter finds that cash income represents no more than from 30 to 50 percent of the real income. Applying these ratios, the total real income of Delta Coöperative Farm families would range from $655.06 to $1,091.76. More illuminating, perhaps, is a partial list of these non-cash items of income. When the Dale Cooperative Farm was bought, it had on it ten weather-beaten "shotgun" cabins. These have been repaired, and, during the first year, twenty new cabins have been built, with screened porches, scientifically constructed cesspools and interior sheathing.

Mr. Woofter's statistics show what this means. Of all sharecroppers in his survey, only 50 percent had screening, essential for the control of malaria. Of the Negro group, only 16 percent had screening. Mr. Woofter gives no actual figures on inside sheathing, but, as a matter of fact, few sharecroppers' cabins are tight against rain and cold.

Besides the twenty new cabins, the sharecroppers have put up a community building, housing a medical clinic, library, a common room for church services and social gatherings, and a nursery. In a land where doctors are few and scattered, the services of

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the medical clinic form an item of almost incalculable value in the non-cash income. Following Southern tradition, the Negro public schools in the neighborhood meet only four months a year. The white coöperators have, accordingly, voted that the community building be used to give the Negro children of the Farm four months' extra schooling at the communal expense.

Last year, the coöperative laid out a ten-acre vegetable garden, and established a coöperative poultry farm, now yielding twelve to thirteen dozen eggs daily. The community so far has only two cows, and funds for a dairy herd are perhaps more needed than anything else. I have no figures, unfortunately, for the money value of the home-raised food, but it is obvious that Farm families had a much healthier diet than the sharecropper who traded, doodlum book in hand, for cornmeal, sowbelly and molasses at a plantation commissary.

A final item in the 1936 accounts of the Delta Coöperative Farm families deserves especial attention. This is the item representing the capital value of the buildings erected, and the improvements in the land. When Dr. Eddy bought the plantation a year ago, only 350 acres had been cleared and could be put in cotton. During the past winter, an additional 150 acres have been cleared. Eventually it is hoped 1,500 acres can be brought into cultivation, and the present thirty families on the Farm increased to eighty. The buildings erected in 1936, plus the improvements in the land, constitute the absolute property of the member-families, and represent savings—something few sharecroppers ever had. Their value is estimated at $122.29 per family. In years to come, when the Delta Coöperative Farm's debt has been cleared, and the land fully improved, the member-families will be joint owners of as good a plantation as exists in the South—barely solidified alluvial mud, eighteen feet deep, bordering along the Mississippi levee—worth $75,000 and probably more.

The evidence of the Delta Coöperative Farm's first year demonstrates that white and Negro sharecroppers, organized coöperatively, can raise their standard of living far above anything the South has previously known. The median income of all farmers in the United States is in the neighborhood of $1,000 a year, and the member-families of the Farm are already within whispering distance of that figure. Obviously, however, they have still a long way to travel to those comforts and small luxuries that ought to be the right of all free-born Americans.

There are four important "ifs" confronting a sharecroppers' coöperative movement. These "ifs" concern cotton prices and cotton-land values; credit and interest rates; coöperative leadership and administration; and, finally, unionization among sharecroppers, for unions and coöperatives ought to grow side by side.

The seriousness of the problem of cotton prices and cotton-land values ought not to be dodged. High prices for cotton benefit those coöperatives that are already established, like the Delta Coöperative Farm. The Farm did as well as it did last year because it received 12 cents a pound for its cotton. If cotton had dropped to 6 cents, as it did under Mr. Hoover, the Farm would have ended the year busted. But high prices for cotton mean high land values, and high land values mean that the coöperative movement, as a whole, cannot buy new plantations, and cannot expand. Speculatively high land values constitute a bombing airplane above the movement's road.

Since 1936 cotton prices have see-sawed. Last spring, in the nearby, crowded planter towns, hard-faced, sharp-voiced men were talking of 20-cent cotton by the end of the summer, and land was being bid sky-high. Suppose that last spring Dr. Eddy and his associates had felt they were justified in launching a second coöperative venture. No conceivable amount of searching by Mr. Franklin would be likely to produce land for $15 an acre. Cotton prices have now dropped, but it is doubtful if land is yet down to an advantageous level.

The fact of the matter is that cotton-raising is now more of a gamble than a business, and one that the best financed and quickest-witted operators are lucky to escape from with their shirt and pants. It will not be a safe business for coöperatives until cotton prices and land values are stabilized over long periods of time. The task of doing this belongs to the federal government; no other agency is competent. In his "ever-normal granary," or the "Joseph plan," Secretary Wallace has a tentative program that—at least in theory—would stabilize the price of wheat, and indirectly the price of land with it. A similar "ever-normal warehouse" for cotton, together with some sort of a stabilization agreement with other cotton-producing nations—if such measures could be devised—would do more to benefit Southern sharecroppers, and the South in general, than a dozen measures like the Bankhead farm-tenancy bill, with its comparatively piddling handouts to favored tenants.

The second "if," having to do with credits and interest rates, is less formidable. The Resettlement Administration now renamed professes to be ready to lend certain initial sums, and the New Deal's Farm Credit Administration exists for no other purpose than to foster coöperative credit. Money could not be obtained from the government at the 2.5-percent rate fixed by Dr. Eddy and his fellow trustees, but the rate would perhaps not exceed 4.5 or 5 percent.

The problem of administrative costs is that of all coöperative movements. Offhand, I should estimate the market value of services such as those which Mr. Franklin is now rendering the Delta Cooperative Farm at about $25,000 a year. This is to disregard the constant, devoted assistance given by Dr. Eddy, Dr. William R. Amberson, the angry Prometheus of the sharecroppers' original revolt, Mr. H. L. Mitchell, secretary of the Southern Ten-

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ant Farmers' Union, and a dozen other men and women. If the Delta Coöperative Farm paid a tenth of its fair administrative overhead, it would go bankrupt. The remedy, as is always the case, is growth. If the sharecroppers' coöperative movement had fifteen plantations instead of one, and a thousand families instead of thirty, it could both produce its own leaders from its ranks, and afford to reward them.

The final "if" concerns the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. Unexpectedly, the STFU's prospects have been altered for the better by Mr. John L. Lewis and the CIO. Perhaps the greatest obstacle the STFU has had to face has been the almost complete absence of an urban unionization movement in the tri-state area of Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee. There has been no labor vote, and no curb on the malignity of state and local officials. Mr. Sidney Hillman's Textile Workers' Organizing Committee has now sent representatives to Memphis, and an urban unionization movement is in full swing. Its indirect consequences should be great.

More questions, perhaps, have been asked about the intermixture of white and Negro races on the Delta Coöperative Farm than about anything else. All those in daily touch with the Farm's affairs testify that the arrangement has worked well. It is pointed out that Northerners, in particular, forget that white and Negro sharecroppers have picked cotton side by side for years, and have spontaneously evolved their own modes of getting on together. Forty-two percent of all Southern plantations, according to Mr. Woofter's study, employed a mixed force of whites and Negroes in 1935.

Another frequent question concerns the so-called menace to the sharecropper contained in the mechanical cotton-picker, one of whose inventors, Mr. John Rust, is a Farm trustee. As far as Farm member-families are concerned, it will be purely a blessing, since to the extent that the human sweat needed for picking is eliminated, leisure can be increased. Mr. John Rust and his brother, Mack, have recently conducted successful demonstrations of their picker in Soviet Russia, and it is expected that new experiments will be made at the Delta Coöperative Farm this fall.

The producers' coöperative movement is no hurry-up cure for Southern tenancy. For the immediate future, the sharecroppers must depend on their union organization, the STFU. But, in the Delta Coöperative Farm, they have set a goal of coöperative living, and they are unlikely to rest until they reach its enchanted cabins.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

On Hating the Japanese

A GOOD many of my friends have lately found a new occupation for themselves in hating the Japanese. Their language, when they express what they think of the present invasion of China, is mostly unprintable. They frequently utter the fervent wish that the Japanese army now in China should be destroyed to the last man, that Japan herself should be invaded and conquered, and that her great cities should experience the horrors of aerial bombardment such as have lately been inflicted upon Shanghai and other Chinese communities.

With much of the indignation expressed against Japan it is impossible not to agree. Her whole Asiatic policy in recent years violates every human concept of justice; it is so unmoral that it seems to deny that any such thing as morality even exists. It is as bad as the Italian war against Ethiopia: nothing worse than that could be said. In the eighty-five years since Admiral Perry broke into the seclusion of the Island Empire, the Japanese have copied chiefly the worst aspects of our "civilization." They have lost many of the best elements of their old culture and have replaced them with nothing—with nothing, that is, except the hydrophobic philosophy of the fascists. As always, this indictment is not true of the whole population. Many millions of Japanese remain simple, friendly, filial and humorous, as the common people have always been, around the world. But national policy is not made by the masses, in Japan or anywhere else, and so far as her leaders are concerned—industrial, political and military—the indictment stands. Japanese policy is hateful, and it is no wonder that people hate it.

The question remains: What should be done about this attitude of ours? Should we take steps to implement our hatred?

I must admit I am astonished at the number of people who now believe that we should. In England, in particular, many voices are now raised to demand that Great Britain and the United States should stop Japan. The argument is made that she is urgently dependent upon imported raw materials and manufactures. Moreover, if the present war continues longer than a few weeks, she will be dependent upon large foreign credits as well. Let England and the United States, it is urged, join hands in putting a steel ring round the Japanese Archipelago. Let them cut off the flow of cash and goods, and Japan will speedily be brought to her knees. She can then be forced to halt her war in China, perhaps even to rectify some of her wrongs of the past six years.

This argument sounds tempting; simple, dramatic and brutal actions are always attractive in a world where everyone is a sadist if he isn't a masochist. Yet on second thought, some troubling doubts arise

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—doubts that deserve at least to be catalogued.

Would such action produce the desired effect? Certainly it did not, when half-hearted economic sanctions were applied against Italy in the Ethiopian affair. The effect then was to fuse the whole nation behind its leaders, to destroy any possible opposition voices, to create burning hatred of the foreigners responsible for this action. Is there not every reason to believe that still stronger sanctions would now produce the same result to an even more intense degree? Is not the only reasonable parallel the example of a country invaded by a foreign foe, in whose presence patriots forget all their differences and fight shoulder to shoulder in the common peril?

Are we prepared to accept the consequences of such a policy? Even if you assume that the democracies, by economic measures, could break the Japanese will, it is obvious that her will would not be broken until the effects of the blockade had been tremendously strong. In cold English, that means making war on an entire population. It means, as we learned in Germany in 1918, to starve women and children, the aged and the ill, while available supplies are diverted to the fighters. If our object is, as advocates of the blockade say it is, to avert large-scale human suffering, then this particular device is a failure.

Would not the policy lead at once to war? Many careful students of international affairs are convinced that the application of such a blockade would produce, at once and almost automatically, a Japanese declaration of war against the blockaders. If this took place, the cure would certainly be worse than the disease. With Great Britain thus engaged in the Orient, the danger of a flare-up in Europe would be much increased.

Could England and America fight Japan with clean hands? The great democracies have an invincible flair for self-righteousness; but even they must remember that they have a heavy share of responsibility for the situation in China. What Japan is doing is merely to continue on a larger scale and with more brutal candor what the Great Powers did in China for a hundred years. The British are not so far from the Amritsar massacre that they can afford very much righteous wrath about the bombing of Shanghai. Americans who are today only in middle age participated in the extermination of Filipino leaders at the turn of the century. Both countries still stand subject to a Japanese charge of *tu quoque*.

Would a blockade be carried out? A half-hearted attempt to apply economic sanctions, or one abandoned in the middle, would be worse than none. Is there any guarantee that such a policy, if undertaken, would be pursued to the end? We know that the British government, for reasons of its own, refused to tighten the noose around Italy—and sacrificed Ethiopia thereby. We know, too, that the present Tory Cabinet in London has strong pro-fascist elements—elements that remember Britain's traditional friendship and former alliance with Japan. The evidence clearly suggests the danger that economic sanctions, even if undertaken, would not be carried out in good faith.

And finally, even if we could destroy the power of Japan, ought we to do so? We destroyed Germany in 1919, and the world has been suffering the consequences ever since. There would be small hope of enduring peace, with Japan smarting under defeat and nursing dreams of the day of revenge. We have paid dearly during the last eighteen years for the lesson that peace settlements regarded by the vanquished as unjust—and any crushing defeat is almost sure to be so regarded—do not bring peace but the menace of renewed war.

Those numerous persons who so lightly urge that the democratic nations should go to war to destroy fascism overlook the question whether democracy itself could survive a war, even when ostensibly waged in its own interest. So far as the United States is concerned, we know from past experience that our democracy, such as it is, disappears overnight when we are once engaged in conflict. If I know the temper of this country, we should be in grave danger of emerging from such a struggle with a permanent fascist regime of our own. The bitter truth is that when we hate the fascists, actively, they score a victory over us: we have become like them, for hatred is their hallmark.

Does all this come down to a philosophy of despair, of folding our hands and permitting the forces of brutality and terror that are abroad in the world to do what they will? Not necessarily; the time may come when we must fight, or must threaten to fight with a firm intention of making that threat good. As regards the Japanese aggression in China, however, it is certainly desirable to face the facts candidly and to recognize that however much we might like, on moral grounds, to interfere, there is no hope of success large enough to justify the venture. It is legitimate to say that fascism is a fever for which the treatment indicated, at least in the present instance, is isolation to burn itself out. It remains true that fascism is economically unsound and is able to exist, in any country, only by laying more and more onerous burdens on the mass of the population. Japan, if she continues on her present course, will end in national bankruptcy with an excellent chance that her present government will then collapse and be succeeded by one much farther to the Left, one with which the rest of the world can live in a pattern of continuing amity. The weakness of fascism as a philosophy is that not only does it crush and distort the human spirit but it is unable to produce in satisfactory quantities houses and automobiles and gardens and food and clothing. It produces instead hunger and misery and the hysteria which alone helps to make hunger and misery endurable. Its movement is downward, and that fact must some day penetrate to the suffering masses of the people, however skillful the propaganda machine which today silences their ears and blinds their eyes.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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To Madrid

IV: *Three Spanish Kids*

THIS IS mostly a story about three Spanish children, war orphans, two little girls and a boy. I never saw them and don't even know their names. Last summer I came close to becoming their legal father.

At dinner in Valencia on July 3, I met an old acquaintance from New York, a Spanish writer who used to teach at New York University and sometimes wrote articles for The New Republic. For the last year he had been the editor of an important Madrid daily. He told me that he had been married just a few months before the war began—"to a very nice girl," he said, smiling in desperate embarrassment. Last April his wife had a baby. It was thin and sickly and all the doctors told him the same story: the mother herself was undernourished and couldn't give it enough to eat; it would have to have supplementary feedings, a pint of milk a day. He found that there wasn't a pint of fresh milk or a tin of condensed milk to be had in the whole city, even on a doctor's prescription. Yes, the baby was still alive, but that was only by a stroke of luck: at the last moment he had met somebody who knew somebody else who had a whole case of condensed milk that he would sell for a consideration. There must be thousands of parents in Madrid who had been less fortunate.

The conversation changed to other subjects. What about some old friends of his on University Heights, and why wasn't Roosevelt doing something for Spain? He was hungry for news of the States. He had been working very hard and needed a rest; maybe after the war the government would send him to New York on a mission. . . . I listened to him a little distractedly, for he had set me to thinking about the Spanish children.

On the road to Madrid, the writers' congress stopped for lunch at Minglanilla, a little town just off the highway. A hundred unexpected guests must have taxed the resources of the councilmen, who entertained us in the second story of the town hall. There was plenty of food, as in almost all the towns and villages behind the lines—the harvest this year has been excellent—but there were hardly any knives or forks or glasses; we ate the potato omelets with our fingers and sopped up the salad dressing with crusts of bread. Under the window we could hear the voices of many children singing the "International." Half a dozen of us stepped out through the French window, crowding the little balcony. All the children of Minglanilla, perhaps two hundred boys and girls, had gathered in the little square. Their mothers stood in the background, dressed in black. There were no men at all, except two or three very old ones leaning on their long canes. The children gave us the clenched-fist salute and we returned it. Then we went back to our potato omelets, while the singing continued. The next time I looked down from the balcony, a Dutch Catholic professor named Brouwer was leading the children in the new Spanish republican anthem (which, to my taste, seems too much like a music-hall song). They sang the "International" once more, and once more; they raised their clenched fists and shouted "Salud!"

When we went down into the square, we were surrounded by girls and boys, by mothers and grandmothers. The women were saying something very earnestly: all I could catch were the words "friends" and "help us, help us." Towering above the crowd was Stavsky, the Russian writer with a shaven head who looked like a Mack Sennett comedy convict. He made a gesture that nobody would have expected of him: he took the hand of an old woman, bent very low from the waist and kissed it. I saw with amazement that there were tears in his eyes, and in the old woman's too, and in my own—except for the children, everybody there was furtively weeping.

It was one of those moments of direct feeling, transmitted almost without speech, that you find in Spain and nowhere else in the civilized world. Only afterwards did I learn what the women had been saying. They were asking us to go home and tell our own countries that the Spanish people needed guns and airplanes. One of the old men explained that Minglanilla had suffered heavily in the war. Most of the younger men were in the army, but many of them had been massacred in far-off Badajoz, where they had gone to look for work. Some of the children who sang for us were refugees from Madrid. Nicolas Guillén, the Cuban Negro poet, talked to a boy of ten who had lost his father at the front during the first weeks of fighting. His two little brothers had been killed by an airplane bomb while playing in the streets. On each of his skinny brown arms he had an inscription pricked out in ink: "Death to the Fascists" and "They shall not pass."

As our motor caravan drove out of town, a woman in rags begged for money. Stephen Spender gave her a peseta, but the chauffeur knocked it out of her hand. "Spaniards don't beg," he said, and then in a lower, apologetic voice, "She is a Gypsy." An old man hobbled up to show us a very dirty newspaper clipping about the massacre in Badajoz. His daughter and his son-in-law had been killed there, he said. They had left three little girls.

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Madrid was full of children, in spite of the scores of thousands who had been evacuated. They were everywhere in the streets, selling papers, watching the soldiers drill, stealing rides on the backs of trolley cars. Even at the west of the city, in streets that were barred to traffic because they were visible from the Fascist lines, there were children playing war games in the ruins of houses knocked to pieces by artillery fire. They were nice kids, too—barefooted, bareheaded, burned dark brown by the sun, with wiry hair, clear gray or chestnut-colored eyes and engaging grins that kept you grinning back at them. After eight months of living under siege, they seemed to be absolutely without fear. When the Fascist planes came over, their mothers called them into the houses, but they didn't always obey; it was much more exciting to watch an air battle from the streets.

Louis Fischer came to the hotel late one afternoon, just after an attempted air raid. He had watched it from the Plaza Mayor. Three big Fiats came over, looking for a convenient place to drop their bombs. Suddenly half a dozen *chatos,* the little snub-nosed Russian pursuit planes, appeared from nowhere. The Fiats zoomed away at top speed, with the *chatos* maneuvering to bring them down. And the people watching them, the soldiers, the mothers, but especially the children, began dancing in the square and singing new words to the tune of "La Cucaracha":

Los chatos, los chatos,
Ya se quieren caminar.

I repeated the story to Dick Mowrer, who had just arrived from Valencia. He told me that last winter Madrid was almost completely without firewood, or fuel of any sort. Nobody touched the shade trees that stand in double rows along the principal streets. Nobody touched them, that is, so long as they were living and whole. But if a tree was hit by a bomb or a shell, all the kids of the neighborhood swarmed out with hatchets and set to work on it. Within a few hours it had disappeared, even the stump and the roots. Other kids chopped planks and beams out of the ruined houses. But it was dangerous work, because sometimes another shell hit the same spot.

Switchmen, firemen, policemen, women standing in line for food and children playing in the streets: these were the usual victims of a bombing or a shelling. Perhaps the children had suffered most of all.

On the morning after the bombardment of downtown Madrid, about twenty writers drove out for a visit to the lines northeast of Guadalajara. It was an uneventful journey. Every village through which we passed had suffered from air raids; every wall, so it seemed, was peppered with bomb fragments and every fourth or fifth house was totally demolished. But most of the raids had occurred last spring, when the Fascists were trying to avenge their defeat. Since then the Guadalajara sector had relapsed into a calm that was almost somnolence. We parked our cars within a short stone's throw of the front-line trenches. These ran along the northern rim of a plateau and looked out across a pleasant valley where the wheat was ripening: that was no man's land. About 2,000 yards away was the enemy's country: another plateau exactly as high as the one on which we were standing and guarded by an exactly similar line of trenches. Neither side had rifles or machine guns that were accurate beyond 500 yards and neither side had much artillery, so that life on this front was quieter and substantially safer than life in Madrid.

The commanding officer was General Hans, a big, amiable, efficient German exile whose real name is a state secret. He speaks at least five languages and needs them all to communicate with the men on his staff. One of his chief assistants is a Frenchman who fought against him at Verdun. Hans told us that the Loyalist front lines and those of the Fascists were equally impregnable. He had tried a frontal attack after the battle of Guadalajara, but his tanks got stuck half way up the steep slope and a lot of his men were killed. His shock troops were fighting now in the offensive west of Madrid. He kept the others in training by making occasional raids under cover of darkness and by sending them down each night to occupy the village in the valley. The peasants had been moved out of it only a month before. Until that time, both sides used to go there at night to buy eggs and to trade the unsmokable Loyalist cigarettes for the almost equally unsmokable Fascist cigarettes.

One of the writers claimed that he saw a Fascist across the valley. Hans looked through his field glasses and found that it was only a tree. But he thought—although he couldn't be quite certain—that he saw two Fascists off to the right of the tree. As we stood there on the trench parapet talking idly, they might as well have been in China or the moon.

We went on to Brihuega, a town that for two weeks had been the headquarters of an Italian division. The road ran eastward straight across the battlefield. When Hemingway drove along it, four months earlier, he had seen hundreds of Italian corpses dotting the sparse live-oak woods and lying in gray clusters around the tumbled heaps of stones that they had used for machine-gun nests and that proved to be worse than no protection against the Loyalist tanks. The corpses were buried now; the tanks were fighting west of Madrid; there were no relics of the battle except little clean shell holes the size of preserving kettles. Brihuega itself had been more than half destroyed by an air raid just after the Loyalists recaptured it. We stopped at a fountain and Anna Louise Strong took pictures of a little Spanish boy against a background of utter ruin and desolation. Looking at his thin face, I thought of the children in my own Connecticut village.

"Listen, Anna Louise," I said very quickly.

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"Why couldn't I adopt some Spanish children and take them back to the States—four of them, perhaps, or three? I think they're the finest kids in the world."

"Yes," she said, "there's no reason why it couldn't be arranged. If you are really serious about it, I can take you around to the children's bureau in Madrid."

The kindly woman in charge of the war orphans put me through a long series of questions. What was my profession? Was I married and had I children of my own? Could I support three others? Would they have a good school in Connecticut? Did I intend to bring them up as American citizens? That, she explained, was contrary to the usual custom. The government hoped that all children sent to foreign countries would come back after the war. But in this case she was sure that an exception could be made—there were so many orphans in Madrid and so few good homes to put them in; the chance of sending three of them to America simply couldn't be overlooked. "Of course," she said, "they will be the children of workers, not of rich people or intellectuals. You understand that." I answered that I wasn't expecting to adopt the Spanish Infanta.

In less than an hour all the arrangements had been completed. I would go to Valencia and reserve passage for the children on the big air liner that flies into France. I would talk to the American consul and make sure that there would be no difficulty over their passports. Back in Madrid, the authorities would go over their records and pick out two little girls and a boy between the ages of three and five—indeed, they would pick out several children so that I might have a choice among them. The adoption papers could be signed on my return and the children could be made ready for their long journey.

In Valencia two days later I found that there would be no serious difficulty about passage on the air liner. Then I went to the American consulate, which occupies an upper floor of the Hotel Venecia, overlooking the central plaza. Getting into the consulate was like getting into a speakeasy: you rang the bell, waited, rang again; a tiny barred slit opened in the door; an eye goggled at you suspiciously and a voice demanded who you were and why you were here anyway. It turned out that the vice-consul in charge of the office was home with a touch of grippe. But the embassy was here too, behind the same barred door. If I so insisted, I might talk to the chargé d'affaires, Mr. Walter C. Thurston.

Mr. Thurston was quite amiable. He didn't know about getting passports for the children, as that sort of business wasn't in his line, but he had no doubt that the matter could be arranged with the vice-consul when he returned next morning. Meanwhile he had read in the newspapers that I had been attending a writers' congress in Valencia and Madrid. That was very interesting indeed. Would I mind telling him whether I had a visa for Spain and just how I had managed to obtain it?

I explained that I was here primarily as a correspondent for The New Republic and therefore was entitled to a passport without the usual restrictions on travel in the war zone. Would I care to show him the passport? Ah, yes, he was pleased to see that everything was in order. But would I mind writing him a brief biography of myself, with some account of my activities, so that he could send it back to Washington? Mr. Thurston was polite and even friendly in making this request. Still, it seemed strange to me that an American diplomatic agent, supposedly in Spain to protect the interests of his fellow countrymen, should begin by putting them through a cross-examination.

And the examination was only beginning. Mr. Thurston had heard that there was some difficulty about the passports of the English delegates to the congress. Did I happen to know whether they were in Spain legally? I answered that I hadn't asked them, that it was certainly none of my business. Well then, what about the Lincoln Battalion? How many Americans had joined it? How had they sneaked across the border? How many of them had been killed? Had the government forces really taken Brunete? Mr. Thurston had been listening to reports from the Seville radio station and didn't believe that they had. He wanted to know about losses in the big offensive: was it true that the International Brigades had been cut to pieces? His questions went on, a trifle insistently. At first I answered them to the best of my knowledge. Then I began to feel like a prisoner being examined, with a show of politeness, by the enemy's general staff. Some of the questions were designed to call forth answers that would scarcely interest Washington but would certainly interest General Franco's agents in Valencia. I blamed myself for carrying my suspicions too far—but still I reflected that Mr. Thurston had no business arousing them.

A little awkwardly I changed the subject and began talking about other countries. It turned out that Mr. Thurston had been stationed in Mexico City during the revolution there and had developed a deep contempt for natives and revolutionists. Here in Valencia he seemed to be completely cut off from the world. I pictured him sitting alone in an empty office, disliking the Spanish government, distrusting the Americans in Spain for fear that they had become infected with popular enthusiasm, and in general knowing and learning less about the Spanish war than if he had stayed at a desk in Washington and read the daily papers.

Next morning I saw the vice-consul, Mr. Milton Wells, who inspired more confidence, being less discreet. Quite frankly he despised both sides in the civil war, though he seemed to despise the government more than the rebels. He warned me against letting my feelings be touched—war, he said, was always like that; it was a very unpleasant business. As for the children, he was very much afraid that

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he couldn't help me. Under the American immigration law, merely adopting a child had no effect on its prior nationality—did not make it an American citizen or entitle it to a non-quota visa or even give it preference under the quota. The child was treated like any other immigrant. For all of Spain, both loyal and rebel, the quota for immigrants was only 252 per year. There might possibly be some quota numbers remaining—one or two per month—after the preference visas had been allotted, but Mr. Wells wouldn't know about that for several weeks, and in any case he didn't propose to encourage me in what he regarded as a sentimental gesture. "If the children stay in Madrid," he said, with an obvious effort to be just and reassuring, "I'm sure they'll be taken care of."

I remembered the ambulances clanging through the empty streets at night. "Yes," I said, "Franco's bombers will take care of them." But there was no use losing my temper.

That is the end of the long story. When I got back to Madrid, I asked Anna Louise Strong to go to the children's bureau and explain how matters stood; I simply couldn't face them. For once I felt ashamed of being an American citizen. If I had been French or English or Siamese I might have helped, but the American Congress had passed a law against kindness to Spanish children. Just a short time ago the State Department was trying to prevent us even from sending them milk or money, but that little, thank God, can still be done.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The fifth and last of these footnotes on Spain will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

On the Labor Front

The A.F. of L. as Strikebreaker

FOR THREE months the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, a CIO affiliate, has been conducting a strike in four of the five largest knit-goods mills in Cleveland. While the strike itself is localized and relatively small, involving only about 1,500 workers, it is of national significance because of the readiness with which the American Federation of Labor has promoted what amounts to company unionism and acted as strikebreaker. As elsewhere, the role of the A.F. of L. appears to be not accidental, but rather part of a deliberate scheme to undermine the CIO.

As early as 1934 the ILGWU attempted to organize the knit-goods workers, after being granted jurisdiction over them by William Green and the A.F. of L. Executive Council. However, the organization campaign in Cleveland was at that time frustrated by the formation of company unions. In April of this year the dissatisfaction of the workers with the company unions again brought the ILGWU into the knit-goods mills. Despite anti-union circulars distributed by the employers and pressure put on the workers to continue the company unions, by the end of May the ILGWU succeeded in signing up a large majority of workers. Accordingly, on May 25 and again on June 3, it wrote to the manufacturers, asking for a conference to consider collective bargaining.

The reply of the employers was startling. On Monday, June 7, A.F. of L. representatives were invited into the mills, the machinery was stopped, and in the presence of company officials the workers were given A.F. of L. cards to sign. *This was the first appearance of the A.F. of L. on the scene.* The National Labor Relations Board, after its hearings on this case, declared:

> Telephone service at such factories was cut off and their doors blocked to prevent anyone from leaving. The workers in each plant were called together by their foremen and foreladies and addressed by a Federation organizer. . . . It is important to note that at each plant either officers of the company or supervisory employees were present at the meeting where the membership cards were distributed and filled out. . . . Following the meetings, employees who had not already signed cards were advised by their foremen and foreladies that the companies wished them to join the Federation. Supervisory employees in each factory requested workers to sign Federation application cards. . . . It is clear that the companies, in total disregard of the provisions of the [Wagner] Act, interfered with and coerced their employees in the exercise of their rights to self-organization, to join or assist labor organizations, and to choose representatives for the purpose of collective bargaining. This interference and coercion on the part of the companies cast doubt upon the question of whether a majority of their employees had joined the Federation of their own free will.

In the face of such intimidation and coercion, the ILGWU had no alternative. It called a strike.

Two questions arise. First, why were the knit-goods manufacturers so willing to sign a contract with the A.F. of L. when most of their workers had already joined the ILGWU, an old and bona-fide union? Second, is the A.F. of L. union genuine, or is it merely second cousin to the company union?

The first of these questions almost answers itself. The ILGWU leaders believe that the manufacturers, through their representative, Phillip Frankel, invited in the A.F. of L. as part of their union-smashing strategy. Although there may be no direct proof for this belief, the circumstantial evidence is

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devastating. In 1934 the employers defeated the ILGWU by setting up company unions, and again this year they made every effort to prevent their workers from joining the ILGWU. Only after the ILGWU had succeeded in its organization campaign and the company unions were obviously headed for the scrap heap, did the employers begin to deal with the A.F. of L. Above all, it is curious—to understate the matter considerably—that Phillip Frankel was ready to enter into an agreement with the A.F. of L.; for he is one of the bitterest anti-union spokesmen in Cleveland, with a record of great hostility toward the ILGWU.

An examination of how the A.F. of L. union was formed yields an illuminating reply to the second question posed above. Some time in May, Coleman Claherty, general organizer for the A.F. of L., got in touch with Frankel, or *vice versa*. A conference was arranged between the knit-goods manufacturers and A.F. of L. business agents, and on or about May 16 a closed-shop agreement was made, which was later embodied in a written contract. This contract was extraordinary in that, first, according to the admission of Claherty before the NLRB, *not one knit-goods worker had yet been signed up by the A.F. of L.;* and second, it contained no stipulation about wages or hours. Furthermore, in disregard of the basic principles of genuine unionism, the charters later issued by the A.F. of L. contained the names of company foremen and foreladies. The evidence is clear. What the A.F. of L. sponsored, if not company unionism, was close enough to make differentiation difficult.

Despite the agreement reached by the A.F. of L. and the employers, the ILGWU kept the four plants completely shut down until June 30. Open strike-breaking began on that day, when one hundred business agents and muscle-men of the A.F. of L., led by Albert Dalton, president, and Thomas A. Lenehan, secretary of the Cleveland Federation of Labor, and assisted by an equal number of policemen, broke through the picket line at the Stone Knitting Mills Company after a bitter battle. On July 12 picket lines were broken at the other three mills. When the strike continued to be effective, A.F. of L. agents and strong-arm men began daily attacks upon the strikers, most of whom are girls and women. Since then the ILGWU has faced the combined opposition of the employers and the A.F. of L. On August 12, for instance, the A.F. of L. distributed circulars headed "Katovsky and Violence" (Abraham Katovsky is the regional vice-president of the ILGWU), which are almost identical with a letter distributed at the same time by the Associated Industries of Cleveland, notoriously open-shop. Despite an NLRB election held in three mills on August 16, at which the ILGWU won two, the situation continues unchanged. The A.F. of L., by allowing itself to become the tool of the manufacturers, has won the hatred of the strikers, who refer to it as the American Federation of Lice.

SAMUEL YELLEN.

Radio: The Happy Slattern

A NEW radio season opens, and what do we get? More of the same, it seems, and the audiences themselves are a primary reason for this. There are many who try to face me down, but it remains my settled conviction that the generality of American radio listeners would not trade their present commercio-moronic mess for any other system of radio on earth. Certainly they would not want the governmental parrotings of Italy or Germany or (yes, I see your hand, Leon) the Soviet Union. Nor do I believe they would endure the admirable British system of symphonies in full, lectures in full and first-rate drama in full if they could get within dialing distance of Jack Benny and some good, snappy commercials by Don Wilson.

The grotesque truth is that a bewildering percentage of listeners *like* the advertising. This may shock you, sadden you or jog you into a state of bellicose unbelief, but I recommend that you visit what the networks call their Audience Mail Divisions and come out a chastened person. Commercial announcements of the most appalling blatancy, blurbs that analyze body odor until your very navel curls in pain, will draw a sustained flurry of responses as of blizzards in January. You may writhe at the mere names of Minitrub and Aspergum but literal millions of your fellows believe that a little rubbing with the one will put you to sleep, a little chewing of the other will ease your ache.

That, I think, is the great and often overlooked reason why the advertising goes down so easily. At all levels and in all lands we live in an age of escape and, for Americans, the advertisements are the Way Out. The advertisers are no fools. They waste little time extolling the virtues of products. By press, radio, billboard and movie, by eye, ear and even nose they blare out the never changing symphony of how to win friends and eliminate dandruff, how to be charming and get rid of hangnails, flat feet or excessive lactation during pregnancy.

Shabby and fraudulent as are these visions of a hawker's paradise, they are lush and real to the millions who are lonely even in a crowded living room. It is too easy to flip a dial and wander into an ever, ever land where salvation is always so neatly packaged, so temptingly described, so attractively priced. The ads, I repeat, are liked for their own sake and they carry a further extra-curricular appeal. In the endless shifting of programs from hour to hour, from day to day and week to week, there is one recurring element—the announcer. He gets to be the known friend, the welcome visitor, and it might startle you a little bit to know how many people literally and vocally talk back to the announcer's voice. The announcer is the boy who does the commercials, and many a Kansas matron who would as lief defile her mouth with axle grease as touch tobacco moves her lips in sympathetic unison

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as the announcer pounds out his familiar copy about the LIFT he gets from CAMELS.

Thus, the very point at which radio is most vulgar and most vulnerable turns out to be a perverse source of strength. This observation is apposite as a new season gets under way, for until some change is made in the system of commercially sponsored broadcasts there is not likely to be any basic change in the quality of American broadcasting.

In all its years of existence no one has risen to call radio an Art. Yet in its own hard-bright way, radio can achieve a speed, a dexterity and a nimbleness that yield little or nothing to comparable expertness shown on the stage or in the movies. It takes skill to plan and build, to time and pace one of the big variety hours that run so glibly through your machine. Heaven will bear witness that I am not one to dissect the imponderables, and certainly any jury would throw out a canvas of Van Gogh vegetables that included in its middle a neatly lettered plug for tomato juice, but even so— Even so, I say, the light-phrasing gentry who profess to see Art in Walt Disney, Goya in Krazy Kat and Da Vinci in the downcurving flick of Astaire's pant leg would do well to savor the effortless lilt of an evening session with Mr. Benny.

There are good shows to be heard this season. The Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy combination, with enough stars for three or four programs, emerges as one of the most fetching newcomers. Always there are such standbys as Vallee, Allen and Cantor. The networks have had a sudden rush of upper-case Drama with two Shakespeare cycles last summer and an O'Neill cycle this fall and this may reach the status of a Trend. While the broadcasters, with relatively small royalties to pay, thus fiddle with the plush and ermine of the safely great and the safely dead, the dismal truth remains that the general run of original scripts written directly for radio continues on a sweatshop and hack-work basis.

Music, now as always, is the thing that radio does best and with a little rummaging among the program listings a surprising amount of first-quality music can be turned up. The forthcoming series of Toscanini concerts should offer some memorable evenings. I send up a hope that as many of them as possible will be broadcast from regular studios rather than opera houses and concert halls in which the (radio) acoustics are all too often on a catch-as-catch-can basis.

Last season's great innovation was the let-the-audience-do-it or shirtsleeve program, wherein Husbands and Wives, We the People and Inquiring Reporter ran wild. There seems to be no relief in sight. News commentators are somewhat testily welcoming Dorothy Thompson and General Hugh S. Johnson as the first major additions to long established ranks, while the direct news bulletins themselves continue to show radio in its most immediate and spontaneous value. Lectures and educational features are likely to find the going even tougher than ever now, as radio gets into the fattest advertising season in its history.

The incredible welter of daytime programs may well be left untouched. Radio as a whole presents a sorry picture and so long as it continues to be an incredibly effective advertising medium there is little chance of large-scale improvement. Perhaps this is the way out. Perhaps there should be more stations like WQXR in New York City, which daringly goes in for fine music and literate talk and finds itself with a paying audience on its hands. Maybe some hardy souls in other centers will take the same risk.

No matter how dreary the face of contemporary radio, however, there is small ground for the snobs and poseurs who will have none of it whatever. For radio, the happy slattern, continues to provide those occasional and unpredictable moments of pure fire. Leafing through the years one remembers the microphone that was set up for a routine prison celebration, the sudden disaster, and then a screaming convict describing the roasting of his mates in a burning penitentiary in Ohio; the quavering voice of a Pope now and for the first time literally addressing all Christendom; a President pumping almost palpable courage into his people as he told them why the banks were closed; the sheer shock of a passé and discredited German heavyweight boxer knocking out a brown killer; and that moment at day's end when a tired and little man in a voice at once so unkingly and so moving protested, "You *must* believe me. . . ." These things, after all, were brought you by The Box That Talks.

T. R. CARSKADON.

Three-Letter Man

SEVEN years ago I ran anchor on the mile relay of Townsend Harris Hall High School. The Greenblatt twins, who went on to become college stars in their own right, ran first and second, Milton and Sidney Greenblatt, whose time for the quarter hovered between 52 and 55, very good for a high-school relay. I never could break 53, but when I ran against the Greenblatts I always won by talking them out of the race and that is why in competition I ran anchor. If we could have found another man who could do our kind of time we would have had the first championship relay the school had produced since the War. And then if we had had an elderly coach whose job was dependent on our performance, his contract would have been renewed, but we did not have an elderly coach, or a young one for that matter, and in fact we had difficulty finding someone who could run third under a minute flat. Finally we had to draft Spencer Hammond, the swimming team's captain. One of our English teachers had a good laugh about all these literary names on one and the same relay, Milton, Sidney and Spencer.

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Spence was no track man, but we whittled him down to 59 and won most of our dual meets anyway. If you are at all familiar with track performances you will admit that a quarter-mile in 59 seconds was more than good for a boy of seventeen weighing 200 pounds and built for a football tackle. Spence ran on power and heart, nothing else. There was no football team at Townsend Harris, so he went in for lacrosse, soccer, diving, and he held the Bronx-Manhattan championship in the 100-yard free-style. Any way you looked at Spence Hammond, he belonged more in a school like Andover or Exeter than he did in Harris, any way except financially perhaps. He weighed about twice as much as most Harris boys and he was twice as handsome and three times as powerful. He was good-natured too, or else we could never have prevailed on him to run third in our relay. He didn't need us to get his three major letters. Spence wasn't dumb—he certainly pulled better marks than I—he was just good-natured and ran on power like a locomotive. He slept with girls when we were still getting up nerve to take them rowing in Central Park. When we graduated he was elected best athlete, and in the polling for handsomest senior he nosed me out by a vote of 123 to 1.

I don't think I remembered Spence more than a couple of times after our last race, and then only in connection with the Greenblatt boys. I only thought of him the other day for a very good reason. I was waiting for a Long Island train in the subway at Grand Central. That is the lowest point of the station, some four or five levels below the street. Neither the catacombs nor the dank tarn of Auber have a thing on this spot, nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. It's vaulted and damp and your footsteps echo, and the maggot people ply among hills of chewing gum. The only spot of color in all that grayness and dampness is a tiny newsstand near the foot of a dirty staircase, and I stood in front of that, looking at the magazine covers. It was a wonderful spot for Sherwood Anderson to stick around and wail about our machine civilization or something. Wonderful spot for somebody to get tough about.

One of the easier ways of getting tough would be to say I went over to the newsstand and bought a Daily Mirror, whereas, in all truthfulness, I picked a Times off the pile. I read the headline and handed the man a quarter. He gave me three cents and I held out my hand for the rest of the change, but he shook his head.

"How about the twenty cents?" I said.

"What twenty cents?"

"I gave you a quarter."

"You gave me a nickel." He was a little, pale, shriveled-up guy, looking nasty, and he said, "You gave me a nickel. You'll never get rich pulling that stunt."

"You ought to know," I said. "How about the twenty cents?"

"Nickel's all you gave me."

"Listen," I said, "it isn't the principle of the thing, it's the twenty cents." I took four nickel bars of candy off the counter and put them in my pocket. "I'm a fast thinker, I am," I said. "A quarter's what I gave you."

"I know," he said. "I just wanted to see how sore you'd get. Here's your dimes and put those bars back before they melt in your pocket."

I took the two dimes and put the bars back and I must say I was in quite a blizzard. That was when I thought of Spence Hammond, because this parchment puss behind the counter was like a small edition of him, a sixty-year-old Spence, all shriveled up.

"I just wanted to see how sore you'd get," he said. "You can generally size up a guy by the way he acts when he's short-changed. How're you getting on, kid? It's been a long time."

"Pretty good. I didn't recognize you at first."

"I spotted you right off the bat. What are you doing?"

"One thing and another," I said.

"You live in Long Island?"

"Yes, way out in Flushing."

"Funny I never saw you before. I've been working here and on Times Square upwards of five years. You don't look much different. I spotted you right off the bat. You didn't recognize me because of all this weight I lost."

"You must have lost fifty pounds."

"Sixty-five. I weigh about 130, no more. You'd think I was sick but I'm not. Sitting in one spot does that to you. Either you get fat or you get skinny. I'm going to quit this job if they don't transfer me to an elevated station soon. Five years underground is just four years too damn long for this baby."

I didn't know what to say. I tried to remember something that had happened to both of us, something that would evoke a memory. "Do any swimming lately?" I said.

"Not much," Spence Hammond said. He looked very weak and pale, and when he laughed his teeth showed yellow. "A man don't feel much like swimming after a week in this place. Once I get up on one of the El stations I'll soak in a little sunshine and put some weight on. All I need is some of that weight back and I'll chug along with the best of them. Did you ever do any running after you got to college? I used to read about the Greenblatts."

"I didn't go to college."

"Well," Spence said, "that's the other side of those medals we got. There's your train, two green lights. I sure had you going for a minute on that change. Look in the booth again when you pass by. Come around at six some day and we'll take in a show."

"Next week some time."

"I get reduced rates at the burlesque." By the time he said that I was on my way to the train and he kept talking but I couldn't hear it. I looked back from the open door and said, "What?"

"Don't take any wooden nickels," he said, smiling.

EDWARD NEWHOUSE.

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Washington Notes

The Cotton Planters Take Sides—Secretary Wallace and the Subsidy—Will Germany Abandon Her Self-Sufficiency Program?

THE Association of Southern Commissioners of Agriculture is a quasi-official body, something like the United States Conference of Mayors, and it swings considerable political weight. About ten days ago it met at Memphis, boiling with anger against Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Wallace. It was prevented from passing resolutions directly hostile to the administration only by the strenuous intervention of Mr. Oscar Johnston, manager of the AAA cotton pool and one of the great cotton planters of the world. For two days, Mr. Johnston was constantly on his feet, answering questions, admonishing, cajoling, prophesying.

But although Mr. Johnston softened the Association's manners, he did not soften its spirit. It departed from Memphis with its anger against Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Wallace unabated. As the meeting broke up, a spokesman announced that henceforth its aim would be to "organize, organize, organize, organize." It was announced that the Association's members intended to form an unofficial, parallel body to be devoted solely to political crusading. At least in part, according to report, this new group will be financed by big-city cotton brokers, particularly brokers in New York City.

This Memphis meeting completes the line-up of the reactionary South against Mr. Roosevelt. Southern employers, and Southern chambers of commerce, went into opposition last spring over the wages-and-hours bill. But for their lobbying, the wages-and-hours bill would unquestionably have passed at the last session. Now a representative section of Southern planters in effect declares war to the finish on the New Deal.

The immediate cause of the planters' anger is the administration's cotton-loan-and-subsidy program, announced on August 30 by Mr. Wallace. From one point of view, their anger seems partially justified. About August 1, a lobby-group of planters came to Washington to demand help in maintaining cotton prices, which were then beginning to slip alarmingly. They asked for a federal loan of 10 cents a pound, plus a subsidy of 2 cents, or a total of 12 cents. Mr. Wallace persuaded them to accept a 9-cent loan, with a subsidy of 3 cents, arguing that a 10-cent loan, by pegging cotton at that figure, might easily dry up foreign buying. This arrangement was agreed on, and a cotton-subsidy resolution was introduced in Congress by Senator Connally of Texas.

Almost immediately, the planters were notified that the administration feared the resolution would complicate the already tangled legislative program, and wanted it dropped. A meeting was held at the White House, where, in return for the withdrawal of the resolution, the planters say Messrs. Roosevelt and Wallace promised faithfully to fulfill its provisions. Then came Mr. Wallace's announcement on August 30 that the 3-cent subsidy would not be paid on the whole of the cotton crop, but only on about 65 percent of it, reducing the actual money that planters will receive for their cotton from 12 cents to about 11. At the Memphis meeting of the Southern Agriculture Commissioners, speakers repeatedly wailed that they had been double-crossed.

It is necessary to tell this episode to explain the present bitterness against the administration. The evidence seems to show, moreover, that the White House was in fact guilty of a piece of sleight-of-hand that it is difficult to defend. But the loan-and-subsidy program in itself is a different matter, and seems to me to reflect great credit on Messrs. Roosevelt and Wallace. Last spring the Southern planters were filled with a gambling fever. They were talking of 20-cent cotton, and expecting to make ten years' profits from a summer's work. In violation of Mr. Wallace's soil-conservation program—as many observers have testified—they planted up to the fence rails, and turned graveyards into cotton patches. Mr. Wallace now refuses to pay subsidies on the part of the crop that was planted in defiance of his warnings, and I do not see how he could do less without destroying the integrity of the whole AAA program.

To give a fair picture of the South, it must be added that not all planters are opposed either to Mr. Roosevelt or to the administration's farm program. Mr. Oscar Johnston, for example, has immense prestige among planters, and he is ardently in favor of the administration. Mr. Johnston's chief remedy for the ills of cotton is a sweeping reduction in the American tariff wall. The influential Texas editor, Mr. Peter Molyneaux, takes a somewhat similar position.

A few days ago, the emissary of a New York banking group to Berlin told the writer of his experiences in interviewing representatives of German big business. His story, here given for what it is worth, strongly confirms Mr. Johnston's arguments. He found the German business men with whom he had conversations to be slyly scornful of Hitler's four-year plan. They were infinitely wary about discussing Hitler himself, but in the privacy of their offices they readily expressed wry disgust with Nazi economics. Almost unanimously, they agreed that German business still had influence and vigor enough to maneuver the Nazi party workers into dropping autarchy the moment such action became feasible.

Just two things, they maintained, stood in the way of Germany's return to normal economic relations with the outside world. One was Germany's private foreign debts and the other was the constant difficulty of obtaining dollar exchange. The second obstacle they regarded as by far the more serious. In private, these business men willingly admitted that Germany could survive without colonies, but they insisted that she could not live without the raw materials of the United States, primarily without American cotton. Germany's recent trade drive in China, where in 1936 she unexpectedly ran ahead of Great Britain, and her incessant effort to sell goods in Latin America, have been simply attempts, through triangular trade arrangements, to build up a store of dollar exchange.

According to report, the aim of the anti-administration cotton planters is to write the equivalent of the old domes-

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tic-allotment plan into the general farm legislation that Congress is pledged to consider at its next meeting. Under this proposal, the federal government would pay the planters so-called parity; at the present price level, "parity" would be at about 17 cents a pound. One of the many objections to the domestic-allotment plan is that the government's relatively huge subsidies would enable planters to dump surpluses abroad whenever necessary, and would almost certainly bring retaliation by foreign countries. Nevertheless, support for the domestic-allotment plan is reported to be strong not only in the South, but in the wheat and corn-and-hog country, and the administration may have a hard time defeating it.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Stock Market, the Banks and the Commodity Dollar—The Button Makers Get Tough—Uncle Sam Meddles in Mexico

WHAT IN the world can be the matter with the stock markets? Let the speculators fret about this. But for the investor there is one explanation. Unbelievable as it may be to the gullible goose who thinks the stock market fixes sound prices, the best of all reasons for a stock-market break is that most stocks are much too high. For instance, U.S. Steel has dropped in the last series of declines from 126 to 92. Well, 92 is far nearer the true value of U.S. Steel than 126. U.S. Steel is not by any stretch of the imagination worth over 100 to any investor.

The report of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation reveals an interesting fact. This year American banks are holding fewer United States securities, by nearly a billion dollars, than they held last year at this time. This means that they have poured into the market at least that much—or very much more, since they have also bought some. And that is why United States bonds have grown weaker this last year. And that is why the Treasury must now pay more money for its money.

While Congress is in recess, congressional blocs prepare for the coming session. One group is interested in a somewhat forgotten experiment. In 1933 and 1934 President Roosevelt began his gold-purchasing plan with the avowed intention of regulating the purchasing power of the dollar—that is, getting prices up and then using the government's power to rig the market price of gold as an instrument to keep prices where the government wished them to be. But that phase of the devaluation experiment has been almost completely forgotten. Now, however, it is understood that Senator Thomas of Oklahoma and Congressman Wright Patman of Texas are planning to renew the battle for carrying this experiment with the commodity dollar into full and continuous practice.

There is one significant aspect of the present state of business activity. A wave of strikes has of course brought wage increases to labor. Many such increases have been made to prevent strikes. What the total gain would be would be difficult to say, but it is considerable. At the same time it is important that the most promising area of industry is that part which produces labor-saving devices.

One of the mysteries of the news to me is the frequently recurring item that this or that trade has just held a meeting and readopted its old code. I thought that was all a thing of the past. What has become of the Sherman anti-trust law? Who is supposed to enforce that statute? And who, by the way, has taken it upon himself to repeal it or suspend it?

A button on a man's suit may not seem to be much and ought not to add much to the cost of the suit. But it plays its little part. Last May a trade organization of covered-button makers announced that the organization had adopted a new price policy. It didn't go behind closed doors and do this. It didn't have any secret Gary dinners. It advertised what it had done in a trade magazine. It even went so far as to notify the trade of the new agreed price policy and declared that this had been approved by the Federal Trade Commission. Of course the Trade Commission did no such thing. And now the Federal Trade Commission is on the heels of the offenders.

But this is apparently a common practice. And the instrumentalities of the Attorney General's office for dealing with these anti-trust-law violations are more extensive than the Trade Commission's. Yet literally nothing is being done to put an end to this orgy of trade agreements which lies at the bottom of so much of the price boosting and profiteering that are going on.

That good neighbor, Uncle Sam, has been making some odd representations to his good neighbor, Mexico. It seems that the government of that country has some statutes or administrative orders of some sort which compel the raising of wages by oil companies. And many if not most of these oil companies are American-owned. One wonders if the American government denies the right of Mexico to fix wages by law. This might be a very foolish thing to do, but it is as much the right of Mexico as it is the right of the United States to fix a minimum wage or a maximum number of hours or, for that matter, of the state of California to make a law that Japanese cannot own land there. All these things may be very foolish or very far-seeing. But certainly they are within the power of the sovereign state. However, Ambassador Daniels, acting under instructions from our State Department, has informed the Mexican government that "if these wage increases are so high as to amount to an injustice" to American companies we shall have to protest against them.

This is indeed a singular doctrine. There are a lot of ancient persons in this country who think a forty-hour week or a thirty-hour week would be a grave injustice to all business, American and foreign. And there are supposed to be some very aged persons on the Supreme Court who might hold that this would amount to confiscation under our Constitution. But for such views these people are held to be shameful and backward—old obstacles to progress. It is strange to find the administration that denounces such views in America calling on the Mexican government to guide itself by the principles of our own hated tories.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Bandits in a Landscape

Bandits in a Landscape, by W. Gaunt. New York: The Studio Publications, Inc. 192 pages. $2.50.

I CAN easily remember, among various other such instances, when Bastien Le Page's "Joan of Arc" had an end wall in one of the important rooms at the Metropolitan Museum, while a sort of chop-out from a frescoed wall somewhere of "St. Christopher and the Christ Child" was along a stairway to the basement. Now the "Joan of Arc" is sinking downwards and the fresco, trimly presented, represents most honorably the school of Pollaijuolo. But such things happen in all museums everywhere, and are only reflections of changing tastes and evaluations, as everybody knows. If museum directors were omniscient, many a boasted canvas would long since have been lost forever. In the latest arrangement of that first, and perhaps most suggestive of the laureate, room at the Metropolitan, the choice now shows the large Raphael, the Rubens, Veronese and Titian Venuses in divers company, and along with portraits by Moroni, Bronzino, Frans Hals, Rembrandt and Sargent (of the donor to whom the room is dedicated), one of Salvator Rosa's portraits of himself. To find the last portrait there in such company makes an interesting comment on Mr. Gaunt's book. And there is also, in the same room with an admirable Salvator Rosa of "Soldiers on a Rocky Seacoast," a Magnasco, a landscape with water and trees and figures. I must have seen it, these past three months, some twenty-five or thirty times, though I have never once seen any gallery visitor look at it. If not so good as the "Shipwreck," in the Pinacoteca at Bologna, it is yet a beautiful picture, highly characteristic, elusive, disturbing, original, teeming with motifs and technique, and as to its mood still fresh.

"Bandits in a Landscape" sets out to be a study of Romantic Painting from Caravaggio to Delacroix. The title of it derives from the title or description of several of Salvator Rosa's own paintings, and implies not so much that every artist discussed was literally one of the bandits, but rather a certain pervading atmosphere. Some of them were actually men of violence, some were merely sympathetic to violence, and some merely bandits of the spirit. Their moods can be seen as a variation on, or succession of, one mood, that scale of challenge, defiance, titanic despair, criticism of the state of things, longing for what can never be attained. The service that artists such as these, brave, unconquerable or fixed, in their strength or in their sickness, can render is to startle the world from satisfaction with itself, to recall it to a sense of its insignificance, to indicate with whatever force of persuasion or disconcertion may lie in them, the strangeness and tragedy of life.

I have but two quarrels to make with this pointed and not seldom brilliant book. Reading, for example, in the Magnasco chapter the passage that deals with the gypsy wedding, I see of course the pertinence of the choice of subject here, for Magnasco's temperament is in a dark and restless accord with this whole idea of a people that is in itself "a wandering disbelief, a thorn of skepticism planted in the side of civilization, a mockery of organization, comfort and settled plans." And Magnasco would be the one to sharpen the accents of these gypsy wanderings that leave no tracks behind them, these mocking degenerations of something ancient in knowledge but now shrunk to mere tricks and conjuring, these dark figures that are like passionate specters along the countryside and in art. But to go on as our author does about the wine as being no doubt real but the stuff of dreams, and dream creatures turning reality into the lunar stuff of debauch, and to speak of the "filched" lace collar of the grave and reverend brigand who lifts his glass to the mystic bride with the enigmatic eyes as her phantom lover bends over to chuck her chin; or to speak of the patriarch of the tribe as parodying the grand seigneur, holding out his glass to be replenished as one who commands vast cellarage, is to lay yourself open to accusations of the literary approach in art criticism, now so nauseous to many. As a matter of fact there is remarkably little of this sort of thing in Mr. Gaunt's writing; and if not too drawn-out it might even be admitted here as an effort to create or convey in words something of Magnasco's quality in this scene, elusive enough at best. I mention it largely because it might easily supply those looking for one with a handle to deny the whole book as valid record and interpretation of painting and painters.

Of the other objection, there are also few instances, but I will cite one because even I, as a friendly reader, found myself keeping it in mind as a guard and check against the author's respective conclusions. Delacroix, he says, a scholar and a man of theories, "indulged in those speculations about technique which are so dangerous to painters, and, while his researches into color were to be of use to the Impressionists, he could not save his own painting from the decay to which he so often looked forward with apprehension. They are now often cracked into an extravagant pattern as if the emotion with which the paint was mixed was too strong for permanence." That about the dreaded decay has its implications, permissible here if you like, with regard to Delacroix's romantic tragedy of mood. And you might even say that his rushing temperament led him at times to disregard divers conditions of his medium. Otherwise the tenor of the remark is such as might make us tremble for the soundness of interpretation that we want to believe in. For we know very well the plain fact is that if you put one coat of paint over another before that coat has properly dried, the lower coat will dry and contract, leaving cracks in the upper. And, moreover, along about Delacroix's time it came to be agreed that Rembrandt had achieved some of his poetic and profound effects by the use of bitumen in the shadows; and the adoption of that usage has left us many hopelessly blackened canvases, among the worst and most deeply mourned of them some of Delacroix's. As to this passage, then, of Mr. Gaunt's, it is obvious that matter so good as his has no need of such forcing.

"My science," Michelangelo said, "will destroy those who come after me." And amidst the anti-climax that followed the triumphant fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the one way of escape seemed to lie in the denial of it, of, indeed, perfection itself, which by becoming a tyranny ceased to be true. The pagan gladness, as the author says, was succeeded by a mood of melancholy, the feeling of triumph by an affection for decay, the intoxication of power by a faculty for criticism. With that came a contempt for the vices and weaknesses of society; and man, once the hero, dwindled to one element only among many, great no longer

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in knowledge and order but rather in the violence of his disordered and unruly emotions. The artist was less likely to be identified with the society for which he provided expression and advertisement, he was on the contrary a being anti-social, exasperated, lawless. It was the conception now long since familiar to the modern mind.

And so we come to that genius and ravager of art, Caravaggio, and go on next to Salvator Rosa and finally to Delacroix, finding as we go the line by which painting followed the pattern of theory and spirit that, in the course of its resolution into a period of conscious romanticism, exploded into the Revolution. The Revolution in France, Mr. Gaunt says, was paralleled in England by a school of landscape gardening arising out of the same philosophical principles, deprived of their logic and other causes of violence, and subsiding into a mild taste for the picturesque.

In another article we must see more the procession of these artists themselves. STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

Andrew W. Mellon was described as a "great American" here last night by J. R. Nutt, former treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

"Mr. Mellon was always a charming gentleman," Nutt said. "I approached him many times for contributions for the Republican Party. He always responded cheerfully and without grumbling."—*News item in The Cleveland, O., Plain Dealer.*

The Bishop of Birmingham, the Right Rev. Ernest William Barnes, agreed with Ervine that there was widespread polygamy, but he blamed it all on war.

Future wars may have a more equalizing effect, however, because airplane raids will "destroy men and women without discrimination," the bishop said.

"This would be valuable," he added.—*From a dispatch from Cambridge, England, published in The Washington (D. C.) Post.*

Come Out, Come Out, Whoever You Are

This is a birth-control measure, and I suspect that social workers are behind it.—*John Carroll, chairman of the Massachusetts State Housing Board, referring to the clause in the Wagner housing bill limiting the cost of a family housing unit to $4,000, quoted in The Boston Evening Transcript.*

Every-Cloud Department

"Mayor LaGuardia is probably the best Mayor we have had in the fifty-six years I have lived in New York," he said. "Mr. Mahoney is a first-class man and so is Dr. Copeland. I do not know yet whom I will support, but no matter which of the three is elected I think we will have a good Mayor."—*Bernard M. Baruch, interviewed by The New York Times.*

There's Something About a Soldier

Captain Cahill, who was gratified that all had come home safe and well after a six-week European tour, said he was impressed by the efficiency of things in Germany and Italy.

"Hitler and Mussolini have certainly taught the people how to wear uniforms," he said, but decried war fears.—*From a news item in The Boston Evening Transcript.*

Democracy with a Capital A

The News and Courier believes in Democratic government—Democratic with a big "D," and that is another word for a measure of aristocratic government that ought to be more aristocratic than it is.—*From an editorial in The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.*

And the Greatest of These Is Charity

I used to have a very strong feeling for any kind of distress. When a poor chap touched me for a nickel, I really had sympathy for him. . . . Now I don't. I'm ashamed of it and try to talk myself into believing it isn't so, but the sober fact is that ever since Roosevelt confiscated a whole nation's sentiment for decent altruism five years ago and put it in the service of his filthy political purposes and ambitions, I simply don't care a good goddam what becomes of anybody.—*An acquaintance of Albert Jay Nock, quoted by him in The American Mercury.*

You First

Jesus would make the same radio and telephone appeal to Great Britain's statesmen, and to the King and Parliament as He would make to Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. With what results? Who can tell?—*The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, writing in Liberty Magazine.*

Up-the-Rebels Department

"Chagrin d'Amour" is the name Chanel gives to this dress, romantic as Martini's beautiful melody, made in tulle dark as despair and light as the joys of love that last, as the song says, no more than a moment. A big cluster of pink and red roses is pinned to the bosom, there is another cluster in the hair, and diamonds glitter on the arms. The dress, Lord and Taylor. Marshall Field, Chicago. The decor, Jansen. The diamonds, Van Cleef and Arpels.—*From an item in Harper's Bazaar.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

About Thomas W. Delzell

SIR: In your issue of September 1, commenting editorially on the appointment of an administrator for the Bonneville Power Project on the Columbia River, you state: "The choice is said to lie between J. D. Ross of the Securities and Exchange Commission and a galaxy of candidates trotted forth by the reactionaries who control the Democratic Party in Oregon. The principal aspirant among the latter group is Thomas W. Delzell, formerly assistant to the president of the California-Oregon Power Company. . . ."

Permit me, the father of the young man mentioned, to refute the malicious misrepresentation. . . . True, my son was employed by the power company mentioned. He began as a rodman with the surveyors when he was a high-school lad. After fourteen years of diligent service he rose to be assistant to the general manager of the company, a recognition of his ability as an expert on every phase of hydro-electric production and marketing and that knowledge gained in the practical school of experience plus a college education. In 1935 Thomas W. Delzell severed all connection with

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the utility company and rendered most signal service to our administration by taking charge of the WPA work in southern Oregon. He did this at a financial loss which a young man with a wife and two children could ill afford. He was not, as your editorial states, "trotted forth" by any reactionary group. He is not the type that "trotted" with anybody holding the reins over his back. At every step of his candidacy for this administratorship he has engineered and financed his own campaign, making several trips to Washington. It may interest you to know that it was he who first proposed to the Washington leaders the plan to place a *civilian* administration over the project instead of putting it under the army engineers as the original bills provided. . . . Should there be some "reactionaries" as well as Republicans in the list of those who have recommended my son and endorsed his character and record, this should not of itself be an indictment. A federal power project belongs to all the people and its benefits must be impartially shared. . . .

Portland, Ore. W. A. DELZELL.

Writers as Underwriters

SIR: I have just read with interest the editorial paragraph in your issue of September 1, in which you refer to the signal honor conferred on one of your editors by the Eugene Field Society, which awarded him an honorary membership along with an invitation to contribute to the funds of the Society. As another of the elect (modesty forbids me to deny the fact) I am driven to inform you that I have had an even richer laurel pinned upon my proud breast by this same society, which, having made me also an Honorary Member, writes me as follows:

> We owe a bill of $64 to Wagner Brothers for furniture and equipment purchased for the Eugene Field House. In order to meet this fundamental item of expense, I am writing to ask you to be one of the sixty-four of our members who will underwrite this item, to the extent of one dollar or more.

Naturally I, as a writer, am flattered to be asked to use my talents in "underwriting." It occurs to me that this may interest your readers as showing what rewards may lie in store for one if one works assiduously at a literary career.

Mill Valley, Calif. STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Laboratory Theology

SIR: Mr. Feibleman's assertion, in a recent letter to The New New Republic [September 1], that matter is "reducible to fixed quanta of energy," and that ". . . energy proves to be nothing but disturbance-relations and quanta the operation of a threshold principle . . ." seems to represent fairly well the extent to which literacy can be driven toward nonsense. Mr. Feibleman, like so many of the docile students in our colleges, learns his words well, but that is about all. The so-called "New Physics" of the latter-day laboratory saints, it happens, is not new, it is not physics, and it has no relation to science. Neither Mr. Feibleman nor the theologists from whom he draws his inspiration have the slightest notion of what "disturbance-relations" or "threshold principle" means. As for "quanta," the only meaning of the term is "counts made by human counters." When Mr. Feibleman first counted 1, 2, 3, he was creating and defining *quanta,* which consist of undivided intervals between the counting steps. "Relations," Mr. Feibleman should know, imply *related existents* or *forms of matter or substance.* Undoubtedly *energy* may be loosely defined as *disturbance-relations,* but it must be followed by *of what ultimately exists.* And no matter what its name, what ultimately exists is *matter* or *substance.* Physical science deals with the relations of this substance with its forms and with human observers.

The new theology of the eminent technicians who infest some of the world's laboratories is merely another form of philosophical naïveté—created by mediocre thinkers, endowed by the politically privileged. The terms used in the puerile "logic" of this modern nonsense are relations, not terms, and the names given these relations are often meaningless words. Behind all this imposing nonsense lie the mathematical mystics, "Catholic science," "Rockefeller science," "fascist science," "communist science," and that sweetly sentimental stuff put out by the Eddingtons and Jeanses—stuff that smacks of Shaftesbury and Anglican virtue.

The "physical science" of which Mr. Feibleman speaks is indeed not engaged in the study of matter. It is engaged in the study of the nice wishes and feelings of Compton, Millikan, Eddington, Jeans, Weys, the Abbé Moreux and their sponsors and followers. It should be dubbed the science of poor relations.

Chicago, Ill. L. E. SCHLYTTER.

Beating the Dutch

SIR: Will Herberg in his letter to The New Republic, August 4, 1937, in correcting the spelling of Pannekoek gives it incorrectly. The "kük" spelling which he gives is impossible. There is no umlaut in the Dutch language.

New York City. NELL V. L. BONI.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Nathaniel Weyl, writing from Woodstock, New York, disagrees with our editorials recommending American neutrality in the present conflict in China. He says: "Your editorials present two clear-cut alternatives—either application of the two-edged sword of the Neutrality Act or 'joining the war.' I believe there is a third path—namely, collective economic action by the four powers whose interests are most seriously threatened: Great Britain, France, the United States and the USSR." Mr. Weyl thinks these powers should apply commercial and financial boycotts against Japan.

Two ambulances, eventually bound for Loyalist Spain, have left California and are stopping at principal cities and towns on their way to the Atlantic Coast. Public meetings and showings of the film, "Heart of Spain," are arranged in connection with visits of the ambulances. Martin North and Albert Kahn, in charge of the caravan, ask persons interested in holding such meetings to write, using air mail, to Miss Sonia Dahl, secretary, Motion Picture Artists' Committee, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood.

The Young Communist League announces the formation of a Poetry Group, with offices in Room 526, 50 East Thirteenth Street, New York City. The Group has a twofold objective of uncovering new talent and placing poetry at the service of the labor movement. New members are welcomed and a workshop group under Eli Siegel is actively planning contests and a publication.

What's on the Air?

Important statements of policy are expected as President Roosevelt makes the concluding speech in ceremonies celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution. Friday, September 17, 10:30 P.M., on both the Columbia and NBC-Blue Networks.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Prime Minister Chautemps of France, Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria, Premier Van Zeeland of Belgium, Prime Minister King of Canada, Premier Hodza of Czechoslovakia and other outstanding figures participate in a world-wide symposium on economic problems. Sunday, September 19, 4 to 5 P.M., CBS.

James Roosevelt presides and Secretary of State Hull speaks on "International Trade Pacts" at the Ninth Boston Conference on Distribution. Monday, September 20, 1 to 2 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace is the speaker in the "United States Cabinet" series. Wednesday, September 22, 10:30 P.M., CBS.

Thomas E. Dewey, special prosecutor directing the investigation of rackets in New York City, tells of his activities in "Fighting Crime." Saturday, September 25, 6:45 P.M., CBS.

Two notable dramatic programs are scheduled this week. The Abbey Players broadcast from Dublin a radio version of Synge's "Riders to the Sea" as produced by Irving Reis, director of the Columbia Workshop, who is now vacationing in Europe, Sunday, September 19, 7:30 P.M., CBS; and an original radio drama by Maxwell Anderson, "The Feast of the Ortolans," is broadcast on Monday, September 20, 9:30 to 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A Banquet of Literature —With Intruders

THE American version of the Goncourt Journals,[1] embracing the first four of nine volumes, has been worked out by the translator in accordance with a new principle of censorship very suitable for these streamlined times. Almost everything, one may say with little exaggeration, has been pruned away in order to leave that which is scabrous and salty. Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert and the other literary giants of the Second Empire who were close to the Goncourts, therefore figure for something like half of these pages as indefatigable Parisian bucks; for the other half they are latter-day priests of the literary craft. Can there be some disproportion here? Théophile Gautier's chief distraction from a heavy schedule of hack-writing seems to lie in the exercises of a studied voluptuary; Flaubert, at many moments, is an exhibitionistic fool, performing before his companions; and the sickly Sainte-Beuve is pictured as an old satyr. Yet these three, especially as men of letters, were all pure of heart.

Gallic boasting in amorous business—especially among artists-Bohemians—should be discounted. It refers, usually, to a harmless surface trait of the national character. But from 1830, the stormy year when Hugo's "Hernani" was produced, some method and meaning lay in these pretended excesses. The leaders of the romantic movement were up to anything that might "stun the bourgeois." And in the late phase of romanticism, when the Goncourt brothers came to make their precise, photographic notes of contemporaries, sexual license was a systematic challenge to the Philistines; Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" was a piece of deliberate provocation.

The Goncourt Journals, which appeared originally between 1887 and 1896, the year of Edmond de Goncourt's death, still seem to me on rereading them after ten years the only French autobiography which approaches at some points the qualities of Boswell's biography of Samuel Johnson. These men too loved to move in the refulgence of others' glory; they too would rush back night after night, their heads crammed with conversations, and write them down "hot" from the banquet table. They too were men of sharply limited capacity; they were failures at the other literary forms which they attempted—whatever they may have thought. They were rich dilettantes and snobs, feminine in their tastes, malicious, neurotic, morbidly observant, hence unusually apt for the making of their great historical document. (The famous Goncourt Journals are the very triumph of intellectual narrowness.) Finally, they move in a "golden age" of French literature and painting which, so far as world influence was concerned, took place between 1830 and 1900.

In place of Dr. Johnson's celebrated club, we have the dinners at the Magny restaurant, during the Empire, whose guests, while very different from Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith and Sheridan, were nevertheless first-rate in their own way. We meet with the brilliant Sainte-Beuve, week after week, an unpedantic Dr. Johnson of literary Paris; then Flaubert, Gautier, Renan, Taine; and, in glimpses, Baudelaire, Michelet and George Sand. No less entertaining are the forgotten Janins and Sarceys, the busy, potent Alexander Woollcotts of their time. In the succeeding volumes, treating of the Third Republic, 1870-1896, some of the older luminaries are dead; but the dinners of the realists, Turgeniev, Zola, Maupassant, Daudet and Huysmans, are no less fascinating. Mr. Galantière should be encouraged to revive them in a second volume.

"The Goncourt Journals are a mine of facts, every one of which will bear investigation," commented one of their publishers (Maurice Dreyfous: "Ce qu'il me Reste à Dire," 1912). With this warning in mind we may approach and taste their qualities under divers criteria. First, we may enter heartily into the game of revaluating personalities; for enough of these portraits in action or speech are set down "instantaneously," that is, in all their contradictory moods, to make the characters complex and all-too-human, leaving explication of them to our own powers of analysis. Thus, a Théophile Gautier rises again in all the vitality and charm he once possessed for his contemporaries; in the founder of the "art for art's sake" movement we see a sincere poet seeking escape from the *embourgeoisement* of his century. Gautier is all for art; but we find him also marching at the funeral procession of revolutionary conspirators against the regime of Louis Napoleon—to his own peril. A Flaubert, on the other hand, with all his shop-talk on Style and the Man, comes down as a fumbling giant whose clear moments alternate with longer phases of mental obscurity and frustration. Sainte-Beuve, too little known to English readers, suffers from the dislike of the diarists; but with his prodigious memory and reading, his supple mind, he seems a veritable hero of civilization swimming strongly over an ocean of books. A stubborn democrat, too, for all the imperial favor he receives.

In general, men of intelligence or innate nobility, such as Renan and Zola, too, seem always to puzzle the Goncourts. Jules, the younger brother, admits: "I can sense in myself a bit of the eighteenth-century abbé, and even a little of the cruelty of the sixteenth-century Italian. . . . I am malicious in spirit." Yet Jules was always held to be the better fellow of the two. The reader must be especially warned with regard to the portrait of Zola ("our admirer," pages 266-67); Edmond de Goncourt, in after years, retouched this passage with drops of prussic acid; attributed all the meanness of the climber in himself to his immensely successful rival.

Items at random: Baudelaire, looking like a convict, shocks and disgusts the Goncourts; Stendhal, the greatest philosopher-novelist of the age, is never mentioned; Pasteur is dismissed in a line.

Another approach to these memoirs would be with an eye to their purely historical value. Modern historians now perceive that the changing tendencies of authors, artists, architects often yield us as strong clues to the history of a people as battles and political speeches. The Journals give an enormous documentation on the habitat, methods, adjustments of writers during nearly half a century. Writing had now become definitely a *trade,* instead of a leisure art supported by noble patrons. The author's occupational diseases are indigestion and the amorous tic. But all these deep

[1] The Goncourt Journals: 1851-1870; by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Edited and translated by Lewis Galantière. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 385 pages. $3.50.

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changes in the very function of literature take place among strongly altered social conditions, which the Goncourts, for all their professed hatred of political discussions, represent.

The Second Empire of Napoleon the Little began nearly a century ago and lasted for twenty years, but there is something strangely familiar in it. It is a period of strenuous social transition, swift business growth and small wars between larger ones. In these materialistic times, the Goncourts tell us, a writer either must be a "buffoon" in order to call attention to himself, or else purvey quantities of information. The discomfort and the vagaries of Hugo, Baudelaire and Gautier become more understandable. Again and again, the Goncourts and their friends seem to cry out against the apathy of the new middle classes and the *nouveaux-riches;* and the anomalous romantic movement, to which realism and symbolism are alike tributaries, seems to attack principally the pecuniary obsession of the times.

Then, despite the Goncourts, the problem of the relations of the writer to the political state surges up repeatedly, agonizingly. December 2, 1851, as the Journals begin, the two brothers utter a peevish outcry at the mischance of having Louis Napoleon's coup d'état break on the morning when their first book is published. Alas, what will happen to their sales! Thenceforth we may examine the beauties of literary life under a dictatorship, an authoritarian state, to which the Goncourts—though not all their friends—become reconciled. Suppression and censorship threaten Flaubert; even the mighty Sainte-Beuve suffers from petty forms of persecution; the Goncourts themselves, having set out to be innovators of the realism in the novel and the theatre, are troubled by the police authorities.

At first, in the 1850's, political opposition is stubborn; it subsides gradually, with the passing years, until Sainte-Beuve remarks that though opposition is more needed than ever, most writers and journalists "retire from the field; they capitulate for the sake of private life"—that is, to have peace. In the late sixties, the dictatorship is somewhat relaxed; moreover, the Court bribes opposition newspapers and writers, while the Princess Mathilde patronizes Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Flaubert, even the Goncourts. Now there is less complaint of the dictatorship, as the Goncourts and their friends bask in the favor of the imperial family. From this social eminence they look down with amusement at angry young writers like Zola, who works for the opposition press because, they assume, he hasn't been bought off.

Nevertheless the debacle of 1870 comes soon; military disasters and revolution quickly erase the social advantages of the Messrs. Goncourt to their everlasting regret—though here, I go beyond the selections made by Mr. Galantière for the present volume. This ends with the death of Jules de Goncourt in June, 1870—naturally, from softening of the brain—Edmond surviving and continuing the Journals for twenty-six years more. The Commune of 1871 might have been an equally good point to end with.

Writers, when they capitulate or compromise themselves under a dictatorship, are no pleasanter to look at than other animals. However, I do not agree with banker-translator Galantière's editorial opinion (repeated in many notes) that it is futile for writers to have ethical principles or political opinions. There is no such thing as a writer without principles. Either he has principles or—*flabby* principles. What the lesson of the Goncourt Journals indicates is that writers should not be the paid instruments either of dictators or parties. It is healthier for them, in the long run, to stay at some decent remove from political authority and partisan intrigue—while continuing to fight, as independently as possible, for principles and truths. Zola, who held himself aloof from Empire and Republic alike, was all the stronger when his hour for political action came, for having his skirts clean.

Galantière's translation seems both extremely free and skillful. The Goncourts had a very irritating way of using neologisms of their own, for which they were execrated; and the translator's occasional efforts to coin words after them is no less unpleasant in English. An index, in the case of memoirs, would have been more useful than the very long, so-called "biographical repertory" which Galantière has provided as an appendix, informing the reader as to who such persons as Rousseau, Alfred de Musset and Louis-Philippe were—this, in a deplorably flip manner, full of oglings, nudges and jokes, as if in fear that the reader may miss the point, but distracting attention from the performances of the Goncourts themselves.

It is a pity that neither the translator nor the publishers of the French text have been able to obtain the suppressed portions of the Journals, a volume of which still lies hidden from the public in the vaults of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, long after the time fixed for its publication by Edmond de Goncourt's will. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

The Dilemma of Anarchism

Nationalism and Culture, by Rudolf Rocker. Translated by Ray E. Chase. New York: Covici, Friede. 574 pages. $3.50.

THE THEORY of anarchism is incredibly simple: authority is at the bottom of all social evil and must be wiped out. The anarchist gauges the direction of historical change by reading the barometer of governmental and institutional pressure. If it goes up there is retrogression, if it comes down there is progress. And since the state is today the outstanding instrumentality of coercion, the policy of anarchism exhausts itself in an irreconcilable opposition to all forms of the state, whether conservative, liberal-democratic, fascist or socialist. The only sovereignty left is that of the incalculable individual. His completely voluntary coöperation provides the only basis for social enterprise and his completely free movement is the only guarantee of continuous progress. Some one has said that the "constitution" of anarchism consists of two articles: Article One: There shall be no state; and Article Two: Nobody shall be bound by Article One. Like all good satire, this is literally false, but it hits the anarchist armor at its weakest spot, the apotheosis of the individual.

Considering its important role in the development of social thought, anarchism deserves much more attention than it has received. Rudolf Rocker's work is therefore a most welcome contribution. "Nationalism and Culture" is ostensibly an attack on nationalism, and indeed many of its luminous pages are devoted to an analysis of nationalist fallacies, lunacies and myths, especially as they have been taught and practised in Germany. The author insists that the nation is essentially a creature of the state and nationalism a form of religion and, as such, false and reactionary. His discussion of the origin of language, racial theory and the international character of scientific research is very suggestive.

But his work is more significant as an anarchist interpretation of the history, culture and political theory of the Western world since ancient times. Rocker seeks to show that the civilizations of classical Greece, Moorish Spain and Renaissance Italy flourished because of political decentralization, and that the accentuation of political authority

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and centralism has always led to cultural and economic ruin or at least to deterioration. There is a curse upon authority and everything worthwhile withers at its sterile touch. Modern progress has been achieved despite the intervention of the state. Rocker feels a strong kinship with the whole tradition of individualism and liberalism, from Zeno to John Stuart Mill. He delivers a Philippic against Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose "general will" endowed democracy with a new and more insidious authority. The Jacobins are rejected as authoritarians and so are the Marxian socialists. The only valid or even possible socialism is a "libertarian socialism" which renounces the exercise of authority whether as means or end.

Rocker supports his position with a wealth of information of encyclopedic range. He is inspired by flaming sympathy for the oppressed and wields an impassioned pen. But, as his translator suggests, Rocker views mankind ideally and poetically rather than objectively. Crucial concepts such as will, nation and religion are inadequately defined. His interpretation passes over many historical difficulties: classical civilization developed in political disunity but it also rested on slavery; Greece produced Sparta as well as Athens; Pericles thought of the Spartans much as the modern Frenchman thinks of the Germans; disunion left Greece a prey to Persia, Macedonia and Rome, and Italy a prey to Spain, France and Germany; the Florence of the Renaissance was a despotism; and so on. Finally, Rocker and his fellow anarchists have failed to show how any integration of functions in society at large can be prevented from generating some sort of authority. Had they done so we should all be anarchists.

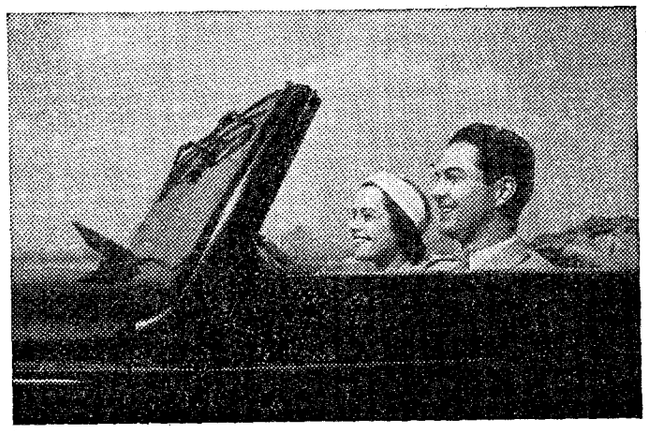
SOLOMON F. BLOOM.

The Patriot

Death in Dublin: Michael Collins and the Irish Revolution, by Frank O'Connor. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 286 pages. $2.50.

O'CONNOR'S book opens, conspiratorially and appropriately, in old Tom Clarke's tobacco shop at the corner of Parnell Street in Dublin, where the dreamers and the plotters, the poetasters and the pedagogues, met to discuss the future of England's cattle ranch, Ireland. Pearse and MacDonagh, Plunkett, O'Sullivan and O'Hegarty: they were all there, like the characters in the first act of a play, planning or dreaming—while James Connolly was preparing, and Arthur Griffith was arguing, and James Larkin was storming, and Michael Collins, a young clerk in a post office, was returning from London, stirred by rumors from home. "He knew quite early that there was something on in Ireland, and he wanted to be in it; more than that, he wanted to be prominent in it."

There have been many attempts to communicate the charm of Michael Collins, from the stories told in Dublin pubs to the exhaustively documented two volumes of Beaslai; but I feel that none has better succeeded in catching the man himself, daredevil and methodical, boisterous and precise, than this portrait by Frank O'Connor. It sharpens the drama of a novel with the fidelity of a history. With anecdote, exposition and characterization, O'Connor builds up the scene of the period, and the personality of Collins emerges starkly against a background of furtive meetings, speeches, spies, jail-breakings, treacheries, poetry and war. I know no other book which moves so excitingly and perspicuously through all that ludicrous, tragic muddle out of which came contemporary Ireland. Even its faults, its overstatements, contribute to the atmosphere it



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evokes. In one rather astonishing passage, moving immediately from panegyric to flapdoodle, O'Connor compares Collins to another organizing genius who operated under circumstances apparently similar. Beside Collins, says O'Connor flatly, "Lenin seems a child." But this, after all, is the true native blarney, bred of insularity and cheek and the lack of a comprehensive political education. It characterizes Ireland, and especially Irish intellectuals and revolutionaries. It characterized Michael Collins. To the end Collins was an adolescent. His greatest shock and saddest awakening was to find that he had come to head a political program (the Treaty) which he had exhausted all his ingenuity in opposing. Unwittingly he found himself dedicated to the service and defense of those to whom a free Ireland meant nothing but the freedom of Irish capital to exploit Irish labor. For with Connolly murdered and his workers doped by religion and nationalistic rhetoric, that was what the Treaty would mean. If Collins had had at any time a glimmer of Lenin's political acumen he would never have permitted himself to be maneuvered into such an inglorious position. "Deserters all! Foreigners! Americans! English!" were the epithets he hurled at De Valera and his Republicans who, for nationalist or other reasons, refused to sign the Treaty. An hysterical, bewildered schoolboy crying out against the machinations of maturity.

But Collins had greatness, too, in his capacity for leadership. He stood in the relation of a symbol, soon to be translated into a myth, to the Irishman of his time. He represented in his own person what every Irishman wanted to be: the rebel, the Big Fellow, the invincible one who defied the English terror and laughed. His mood had always reflected that of the nation, from his early unrest, through his methodical fighting, to his last unhappy certainty of betrayal and futility. Collins still had a week to live. He lived it in suffering, mental and physical. Though still full of ideas and enthusiasm, he found it hard to work. He sat at his desk, scribbled a few lines, then rose and left the room, not in the old dashing way but slowly and in dejection. The shadow had begun to fall. To Cosgrave he said, "Do you think I shall live through this? Not likely!" He turned to a typist and asked, "How would you like a new boss?" A week later, on a back road from Bandon to Macroom, in his own native Cork, he was ambushed and slain; and in his death he was no less the representative Irishman because he was shot down by his countrymen:

> In others ideals tend to become abstract. In him the fact of his deep and burning idealism tended to be obscured because it was earthy and tough. Faced with the superior motives of a Mellowes or Valera, he is at a disadvantage; clumsy, blundering, giving an impression of disingenuousness; for men and women are notoriously nasty, and abstract principles tenuous and pure, and they live and die austerely if they can be said to live or die at all.

MICHAEL SAYERS.

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The Winning of the West

The Sod-House Frontier: 1854-1890, by Everett Dick. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 568 pages. $5.

THE background of our trans-Mississippi history has been greatly enlarged since Professor Turner forty years ago called upon students of American history to dig into that section of the country. Frederic Paxson's "History of the American Frontier," Philip Rollins' "The Cowboy," Archer Hulbert's "Forty-Niners," and Walter Prescott Webb's "The Great Plains" are of real distinction among the many books in the field that have been published since 1922. Everett Dick's study of "The Sod-House Frontier: 1854-1890" must now be placed among this first-rate company. It is, indeed, the most important book on American history that I have read this year.

"The Sod-House Frontier" is a social history of the region covered by Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota. It is as rich in detail as it is comprehensive in scope, and is written in a style that is able even if not brilliant. The narrative, drawn from a veritable mountain of source material, pictures almost every conceivable activity of the men who settled and built this frontier. Where the settlers came from, how they traveled, how they settled land claims and built up cities and industries are a few of the phases considered. There are clearly thought-out chapters on pioneer finance, the relations between whites and Indians, and the droughts, fires and grasshoppers which, from time to time, caused the wholesale destruction of crops. The vigilante days, the colonizing agencies, the pioneer doctors, the life of the women and children in their sod-houses, the tools, furniture, funerals, food, clothes, laws, lawyers, politicians and even sports fill in the details of a precarious and hard life often complicated by shortage of fuel and water.

Aside from its excellence as a survey, the chapter on "The Pioneer Newspaper" is evidence of the author's ability to digest thoroughly and interpret keenly a mass of historical material. But his book is much more than factual history. Professor Dick has written a moving and sympathetic account of the triumph of the frontier farmer over obstructive forces:

> In the spring, floods menaced the cabin or dugout built too close to the stream; in summer, drought and hot winds withered the promising crop, and insects

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everywhere took a terrible toll of the scanty cultivated areas; in the autumn, the prairie fires swept furiously across the plains, jumping creeks and sweeping everything before them, destroying crops, fuel, food for man and beast, homes and even whole towns; in the winter came the dreaded blizzards and unbearable sub-zero temperature.

In this new country the pioneers were ill prepared to meet such difficulties, and yet they conquered. The conquest makes a thrilling story. NATHAN G. GOODMAN.

Men at Work

The Citadel, by A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

HERE IS another of those fascinating excursions, by way of fiction, into the regions of men at work, under the conditions of life—"The Citadel." As fiction it has excellent living stuff in whole blocks of pages; and there are blocks where the events necessary to the main design are too abrupt and pat for their necessary effect. But I shouldn't care to judge this novel under the ordinary fictional rules until the term fiction has been widened to include credits for large experience, a balanced judgment thereon and story-teller's knack for recreation thereof; and narrowed to rule out all this review-supplement bosh of credit for Industry and Effort, especially of credit for Correct Conduct along the line of this or that ideology, take your pick. Cronin's novel has above everything else the quality of absorbing instruction, the illusion of seeing through a clear glass certain workings of the world, and the feeling that under its serene air of happen-so there is a detailed particular truth which both verifies and extends whatever of universal truth a person may know.

The first half of the story is best: a Scotch doctor on his first miserable job as an assistant in some South Wales mining patch, awkward, young, on fire with impatience against institutional medicine and for doing some actual work; the walls of wet blankets meeting him there, on one side the distrust and superstition of general ignorance, on the other the grasping indifference of the profession itself. With Denny (the first of several divine crazymen he naturally came up with and held onto) he sneaked out one night and put dynamite under the sewer that poisoned the whole village. Prescribing, racking his brain for makeshifts, delivering babies in the poor, cramped rooms and making the knife cut true in mine shafts and under simple lamps, his hands became more shrewd with his mind. He had rows and all the squalor of the end of the world, but he met Chris there, true metal, and when he got a house and practice of his own they married and set up in Aberalaw—where much of the same process followed, the same damn system and stupidity and slander and good work done in spite of it. The break came when he got some recognition for work in silicosis, and went to London on an exalted useless job that left him hamstrung. All this complete and fine.

From the setting up of his own London practice, Manson the doctor is made to go too fast downhill—not because any step in the process is unreal or omitted, but because allurements come too fast and are accepted too easily and because he so quickly loses touch with Chris. Anyway the taste of money goes to his head and the good fight dies on its feet—until a case of lethal bungling by some society surgeon in his new group knocks out all the false props at once and brings back all the forgotten things, about work and people. Just as the long personal and professional struggle against odds was a breathless thing to the reader, so the easy ride to fame of the middle part seems less worth while talking about. Even today fiction seems more appealing when its characters are men and something more; when it is about heroes.

Manson, with the world about his ears and Chris suddenly killed, for no reason, with envy scandalizing his name, etc., becomes again what we hope for him, starting out on the future with that revived hope and fighting spirit of the past which is intensified now by the loss of everything but the pure work. It would be easier now, the way was clear, but for all that, "there in the sky before him a bank of clouds lay brightly, bearing the shape of battlements."

OTIS FERGUSON.

Mixed Metaphors

Poems, by C. F. MacIntyre. New York: The Macmillan Company. 106 pages. $1.25.

C. F. MACINTYRE marks, in his poems, one of the traps that is catching a great many writers and editors, and will have to be guarded against, if we are to get past twisty language and meretriciousness into poetry. Here, again and again, perfectly sound images are carried through until they lose themselves in imitation or ridiculous mixture. Until we get, in "The Blind Woman":

> To her beside the fire ear was for eye.
> Her fingers in and out were snail horns
> neatly stabbing and feeding yarn . . . and spry

and the pathetic intestinal fallacy about "clever people":

> but they are like milk whose mother has eaten ragweed,
> and their peristaltic motion is serpent hisses.

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Their hearts should be tacked with signs:
This dog is vicious.

Sometimes, however, as in "The Wound," "Alcestis" and "Circus," the voice is heard through the jargon, distinction arrives, and the wit and agility which tie the author up in weaker moments come through in poetry to save the day. But so much of the rest is deceptive in the same way that a lot of this year's verse is: given the contemporary applications of ideas, substituted words and a loose conscience, the end is just missed, and nonsense comes instead. Look at this:

How this spider crawled on a steel-webbed sky
and caught red rivets, plunk! in his bucket.

MURIEL RUKEYSER.

German Agent

Escape to the Present, by Johannes Steel. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 303 pages. $2.50.

USING his own life as a springboard, Johannes Steel gets off to a combination of melodramatic incidents, miniatures of famous personalities, and predictions that Europe is headed for collapse. But since the world war of 1935 which he foretold in his last book did not come off, he leaves the European disaster this time dangling in an uncertain future. After a grim account of his family's suffering during the War, Steel tells how he got in on the ground floor of post-war speculation, dabbled in journalism, was in the Prussian Diet for a day, and in 1928 entered an intelligence service abroad whose work was to drum up trade for German industries by fair means or foul. When he came home disgusted after a few years, there were Storm Troopers marching in the streets. He turned down a position with the Nazis, slugged a guard to escape from the concentration camp where he soon wound up, and came to America. This part of his story reads just like a movie script. One wishes that Mr. Steel had not been so reluctant about discussing his experiences in German government service; warnings of a European debacle are much more familiar than first-hand accounts of a nation's struggle for economic survival after the War. But he skims lightly over his duties in this connection, and does not even mention his term as secretary to Hjalmar Schacht (which The New York Post made much of when he was correspondent for them in 1934). "Escape to the Present" would make more enlightening reading if its author had shifted his attention from the dubious business of prophecy to the straightforward handling of facts.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who frequently writes on America's domestic as well as foreign policies, at present lives in Washington, D. C.

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T. R. CARSKADON, a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic, has had several years' professional experience in radio.

EDWARD NEWHOUSE is the author of "You Can't Sleep Here" and "This Is Your Day." He is now at work on a third novel, tentatively entitled "Keep Smiling," which is scheduled for publication in 1938.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author, among other books, of biographies of Zola and Rousseau and of "The Robber Barons."

SOLOMON F. BLOOM, formerly a member of the staff of The New York Times, teaches Modern European History at Brooklyn College. He is writing a book on Marx and nationalism.

MICHAEL SAYERS, formerly dramatic critic for The New English Weekly, has contributed short stories to periodicals both here and in England.

NATHAN G. GOODMAN, who wrote "Benjamin Rush: Physician and Citizen," will have a new book called "Benjamin Franklin's Own Story" published during this month.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT is a recent graduate of Barnard College and is now free-lancing in New York City.

MURIEL RUKEYSER is the author of a book of poems, "Theory of Flight." A second book, "US1," will be published by Covici, Friede this fall.

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